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World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

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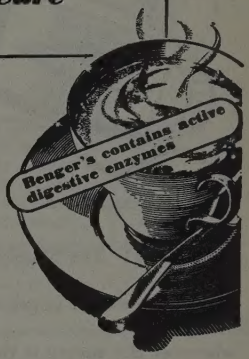

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THINKING ALOUD

EDWARD HULTON

MORE COMMONWEALTH UNITY ESSENTIAL

THE presence in London of the six Prime Ministers should help to direct our thoughts towards the Commonwealth, both in its many important internal problems, and in regard to its place in the world after victory. Unfortunately the public and press do not usually begin thinking seriously about these things until the Premiers are actually upon our doorstep. The Conservative Party is now going to set up a committee to discuss the Crown Colonies. Better late than never! Mr. Curtin's proposed permanent secretariat may at least have the value of impelling our thoughts more continuously towards these essential matters.

The Commonwealth, of course, cannot usefully be considered without reference to the shape of things to come in the entire post-war world. I still feel that it is up to the United Kingdom to form much closer relationships with the Dominions and Colonies, and also with the countries of Western Europe, in order to form a really strong third group, to match the Soviet Union and the United States of America. There can be no manner of doubt that Russia not only constitutes a vast group in herself, but that she has marked out a definite sphere of influence in Eastern Europe. It may also be remarked that a major Russian aim is now said to be the establishment of effective communications through the Suez Canal, in order to reach her Far Eastern possessions more effectively than they can be approached along the long railway through Siberia. It would be foolish to speculate concerning Russia's future relations with Nippon; but the recent Russian agreement with that country about Sakhalin has escaped almost all comment. The Russians first settled on this foggy, but large and important island in 1857; and from 1875 until 1905 they owned the whole of it. By the Treaty of Portsmouth in 1905 the part south of 50°N. became Japanese. After the Revolution of 1917 the Japanese occupied the whole island; and did not evacuate the north until 1925. The north possesses very valuable coal and oil, which up till now have been worked by a Japanese concession. It is this concession which the Japanese have just surrendered to the Russians for a derisory sum. It has been suggested that this increase of Russian power in Sakhalin may in fact prove unfortunate for the United States, since the island lies on her direct line of approach to Tokyo.

To go back to the second world group, the United States is today not only a federal union of forty-eight great states, but she has staked out political claims of hegemony in the whole western

GUINEA PRIZES

'World Review' will answer any questions on planning addressed to the Editor. A guinea each will be awarded for the six most interesting questions

The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final

hemisphere, to say nothing of recent British concessions in the islands of the Pacific; and she is deeply interested in the strengthening of the 'Pan-American Union'.

WHY NOT A THIRD GROUP?

THIS being the case, it would seem that the United Kingdom should proceed with its own labours of consolidation both within the Commonwealth and in Western Europe. Some may object that the creation of a third group might lead to war. If, however, two groups have already been formed, how can it be objected that the creation of a third would lead to that unhappy result? It should be axiomatic that in addition to the three groups there must exist an over-riding agreement of world-wide dimensions. The Russians would certainly resent British or United States interference in Eastern Europe; and they have expressed themselves as opposed to the federation of Eastern European states; since these might become what they still term 'a *cordon sanitaire*'. Nevertheless, they could not properly, or indeed effectively, object to a grouping of the United Kingdom with the Western states of Europe. Apart from the reasonable balance which the formation of this third group would create in the world at large, a grouping of Western Europe possesses three important merits of its own. The first of these is strategical. It should be obvious that small states can no longer defend themselves; and today this applies to Britain herself almost as much as to Belgium! Secondly, Western Europe forms a 'racial' and cultural group. The European 'races' are supposed to have risen up and spread from somewhere in the central lands of Europe; and they undoubtedly form a distinct 'racial' group today. Their culture, moreover, is based upon the religions of the Mediterranean, and the artistic and political achievements of Greece and Rome. Latin and Greek are at least common to the school-books of the whole area.

The third intrinsic merit is ideological. The course of history has been such that the nations of Western Europe have had by far the longest experience in political development and thought. And, as a result of this, they are the homeland of the most advanced political principles. It is within their boundaries that liberalism flourishes, coupled with the belief that freedom must now be synthetised with economic security. Russia has less experience of political freedom; and the United States has not yet reached the stage where the provision of security for the common man is realised to be essential.

To all this can be added economic and technical arguments. Whilst Western Europe has a population of some three hundred millions, which can reasonably stand up to the other groups, her comparatively very modest size suggests close economic relations, and perhaps above all technical fusion. Hitler has already created economic union; and he has largely fused the technical services. Especially when Germany is considered, the necessity for a united civil aviation would seem obvious. Similar considerations apply to the railways, the important navigable rivers, and the canals. A common power grid would also be highly desirable.

TWO TOPICS ONLY

BRITAIN should first really set to work in a business-like way to get a real agreement with the Dominion countries. First of all, however, it is essential to realise what really are the topics upon which agreement must be reached. These are two, and two only—namely, foreign relations and defence. To be effective,

A 'fight group' of Andartes, guerrillas of northern Greece

the Commonwealth must speak with one voice on external affairs, and this means a common foreign policy, with common Ambassadors. Secondly, defence must be united. Mr. Curtin's proposals are admirable; and he confines himself to these two topics. He appreciates no doubt that a common foreign policy would really mean an important step up, and not down, for the Dominions. Joint council would replace last-minute information. The same applies to defence. In peace-time there was no real co-ordination, or even standardisation, of defence; and it was not even known definitely whether the Dominions would fight on our side. This kind of uncertainty has surely been proved to be a creator of wars. (Take France's uncertainty about Britain in 1914.) The new scheme would mean, of course, that the Dominions would have to pay their quota for defence; but this would be infinitely cheaper than any independent scheme to defend themselves, and it would be effective.

TROUBLE FROM KING

MR. MACKENZIE KING has, on the other hand, raised Canada's objections in an acute form. The fact, of course, is that Canada is very much in the United States sphere. This will always be so, and it cannot be altered. It should, however, merely provoke the comment that strict uniformity of relations amongst the Dominions is not possible. But it should provide no excuse for doing nothing. Mr. Curtin has put it rather strongly, 'If I cannot have four good companions, I will have three.' However, there seems nothing against the formation of a new kind of effective Commonwealth council, with a permanent secretariat. The degrees with which the various Dominions would associate themselves with the decisions of this council would have to vary. Australia, New Zealand and South Africa are all weak and isolated states without a strong neighbour like the United States. They must inevitably be heavy consumers of defence from the

United Kingdom. Again, New Zealand sentiment is particularly strongly pro-United Kingdom, more so even than pro-Australian. South African sentiment seems still to require the 'guidance' of Smuts, and his probable successor, J. B. Hofmeyr. But this period of guidance should show her that the Anglo-Dutch issue ought to be dead; and that her interests lie with the United Kingdom. Co-operation with the United Kingdom would certainly give her an expanding range in the Crown Colonies of Africa; and, assuming a grouping with Western Europe, with the French and Portuguese Colonies in that continent; not to mention a new association with Dutch comrades in Europe, and the East and West Indies. The specially close material interests between Australia and New Zealand have just been exemplified by the new agreement uniting Australian and New Zealand external affairs and defence. Everyone agrees that it would have been foolish for Messrs. Curtin and Fraser not to have embarked upon this agreement owing to any hostility from Mr. King. Curtin and Fraser are, as Labour men, certainly not without ideological thoughts on the value of closer Commonwealth co-operation. They want to see the Commonwealth type of democratic thought powerful in the world; and they do not want it swamped by the very different ideologies of the other two groups. I should perhaps repeat that the new Commonwealth co-operation does not call for a *federation* of the Commonwealth. Indeed, I am afraid that my Federal Union friends have stumbled upon the wrong slogan. Federation is surely but a sub-species of the *unitary* state. Everywhere, in Holland, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, U.S.A., Canada and Australia, it has led towards a unitary set-up. This is not what is wanted, either in the Commonwealth or in Western Europe. It is important to explain again that there can be no question of United Kingdom interference in the internal affairs of Australia, still less perhaps in those of France.

WESTERN EUROPE MUST ALSO BE UNITED

THE United Kingdom must, however, not only be inside a Commonwealth group. It must also be inside the Western European group. Here also the only two essential topics are foreign affairs and defence. (It is not, of course, a question of the nations of Western Europe 'joining the British Empire'. If one or more wish to become Dominions there is no reason to stop them. And this might apply to Norway, Denmark, Iceland, Belgium and Luxembourg.)

However, the real principle is that there should be for the Western European area a common foreign policy and a common defence force. There would have to be a joint council for these two purposes. Closer economic relations are highly desirable; but they are not absolutely essential. And there could not be complete free trade within the area. There certainly should be, nevertheless, a council to organise the joint technical services. A joint propaganda organisation would also be valuable; with an organisation to re-gather the threads of cultural and linguistic union. The states which might join such a grouping are Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, a liberal Portugal, a liberal Spain, Italy, Greece, and perhaps Yugoslavia.

It is naturally essential that the United Kingdom should associate herself in the closest possible way with France. For Britain—with France—would enjoy a natural leadership in Western Europe. Neither country would have it alone. A Western European grouping, moreover, without Britain, as suggested by some, would be wholly unattractive. Since Germany, when admitted, would swamp

6

it. (There might, of course, also be some states which would be in the nature of connecting links between the Western and the Eastern groups—Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary.)

An important argument in favour of this Western group is that it would be associated with the Colonies of the various European powers; thus controlling the southern shore of the Mediterranean, almost the whole of Africa, and air and other bases and territories in every part of the world.

MR. HULL'S NEAR-IMPERTINENCE

It does not look as if there can ever be complete free trade within the Empire; and there are economic arguments against the full measure of the famous Ottawa Agreements. Nevertheless, Cordell Hull's recent hint that the United States will regard the renewal of these agreements as a restriction of post-war trade definitely impinges upon the impertinent. The *Washington Post*'s description of Imperial Preference as economic discrimination, and its statement that playing favourites by whatever name it is called is obnoxious to the Secretary of State, add insult to injury.

Incidentally, Australians are disappointed that the United States press has made almost no reference to the Australian forces in the Pacific. The facts are that, until a short time ago, all the land forces in New Guinea were Australian, the United States supplying aviation. Further, upon the staff of General MacArthur there is not a single Australian staff officer. This has not eased the inevitable friction caused by the presence of so many United States troops in Australia. When we contemplate the position in Britain we may be able to imagine what it must be like in a town like Brisbane, where Australians are completely outnumbered by their American visitors.

A NEW SPIRIT WANTED

There can be no doubt that this is the moment to think of the Commonwealth in an entirely new spirit. The King should be advised to issue a solemn proclamation on the subject. A feature of this should be definite disapproval of any colour bar; and a statement that we stand by our promise to regard native interests as paramount. This might come as a hint to South Africans, and Southern Rhodesians, rapidly to improve their theories about the coloured races. Smuts no doubt has an uphill task with the men from the back veldt. However, closer association with the other parts of the Commonwealth may well remove from South African minds their underlying fear of the natives who so greatly outnumber them.

INDIA IS A BLOT

On the other hand, it is a fact that the greatest blot on the United Kingdom end of the Commonwealth is the problem of India, moving apparently no nearer to solution. Our statesmen ought surely to realise that it greatly prejudices our claim to be the spokesmen of freedom. Whilst I am not one of those who think that the Indian problem is a simple one, and whilst I also believe that the Indian famine was mostly the fault of the Indians themselves, their inefficient Provincial Governments, and the selfishness of Indian black-marketeers and hoarders; nevertheless I am afraid that this does not take away from the fact that a great deal more imagination is required in regard to India. We must really try to bring the two competing parties together; and having done so, we ought to allow them to rule their own country. We could insist on fair play for the small minorities; possibly keeping troops in certain areas for a period. Surely there could be a bargain with India comparable with the one we

An 'archegos', or leader of guerrillas still holding out in Crete

have made with Egypt? Both sides have assets to offer. Britain can offer defence. We could have a defensive alliance with an independent India; and we could provide technical assistance to the military services, and also to the administrative set-up throughout the country; just as we are still doing in the land of Egypt, where the Egyptians refuse to release the great Russell Pasha as head of the Cairo Police, and chief of the important anti-narcotics bureau. Moreover, an understanding with India would open the gates to a better understanding with China, and all other Eastern peoples. In this connection it might be best for us to give up Hong Kong. The establishment of really friendly diplomatic and commercial relations with a quarter of the population of the globe might well compensate us for any losses sustained in respect of this valuable but exiguous and undefendable island.

MORE HEAT THAN LIGHT

A NEW constitution is now being thought of for the island of Malta. The proposal that Malta should again enjoy the sweets of self-government was received with many brave *huzzahs* in the Commons' House, the Members remembering the gallantry of the George Cross Island. How many Honourable Members, however, possessed any real knowledge of the great difficulties experienced so recently when self-government was tried, soon after the last war? The Maltese peasants and workers, of Phœnician origin, are far from experienced in the arts of government, largely no doubt through our own failure to educate them. The grant of the new constitution merely placed them at the mercy of a small middle-class minority who were more experienced, but who revelled in an Italianate culture, and certainly nourished the minimum of love for Britannic institutions. The constitution had to be withdrawn on two occasions; and self-government has not yet been fully restored. On the last occasion the Italianate 'Nationalist' ministers were insisting on the teaching of Italian in the schools, in breach of the law. There was also an unfortunate dispute with the Vatican; and Lord Strickland, the Premier, was excommunicated, just as his party were proceeding to the polls. It may well be that Italy's recent efforts have altered the Maltese opinion of this people for all time. These incidents, nevertheless, illustrate the difficulties of constitution-making, even in so small and comparatively simple an area as the George Cross Island. There is little doubt that the state of the Roman Catholic clergy in the island is still not satisfactory, according to the laudably high standards of Roman Catholics in this country. The appointment of Monsignor Gonzi, formerly Bishop of the smaller island of Gozo, to be Archbishop-Bishop of Malta, in the place of Caruana (fairly reasonable but weak), is surprising, and most probably unfortunate. Gonzi

was certainly an arch-supporter of the pro-Italian cause.

DEATH OF 'EUROPE'

Europe, the interesting publication which recently appeared under the editorship of Noel Newsome, is to appear no more. The editor has received the curtest possible note from the Ministry of Information, informing him that no further paper can be vouchsafed. There could be nothing more symbolic of the Churchill - Beaverbrook Government's complete lack of interest in the vital affairs of the European continent. Another symptom is the stopping of travel by European diplomats, when those of Russia and the United States still possess full facilities. A further mark of callousness is the rate of exchange, at 300 francs to the pound, which is proposed for liberated France. American and British soldiers will be able to buy up the food so much wanted by the French workers; and in short repeat what has happened in Italy. Soldiers in these cases should surely buy food only in their own canteens. There could be no surer way than this of earning the permanent enmity of the French people.

F.O. FAILURES IN EUROPE

In the meantime the failure of the Foreign Office to face up to problems is bearing yet more bitter fruit amongst the smaller allies. Some of the things which are going on in Yugoslavia and Greece are really tragic. Though in Yugoslavia it would appear that Tito has secured a considerable measure of unity. Indeed, General Velebit, who is over here now, says that the Marshal prides himself more on common action between Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes than upon his military achievements against the Germans. How far Russia wishes to control Yugoslavia after the war cannot be stated with precision; though there can be little doubt that Tito himself is a Russian agent. Yugoslavs supporting Tito, however, state that they definitely do not wish to be under Russian control after the war, but desire to be an independent federal state. Their opinion of their king is not high. Had he placed himself at the disposal of the Army of Liberation it would have been hard to refuse his offer. Since he has not had the enterprise to do this he has lost caste. Velebit, a Serb from Croatia, a man of great personal charm, was before the war a doctor of law, though he has seen much military service, and comes of a military family.

NEWS AND VIEWS CENSORED

I refuse to express any opinion about Greece, since the British Government censors in the Middle East are still stopping all news and comment. Censors indeed seem to be growing too big for their footwear all over the world, whether it be in Australia, Burma or the shores of the Levant. Greek politics are assuredly highly complex, and it is foolish to rush to take sides. The fact remains, however, that we are making a thorough mess of our relations with those countries where the Russians and Americans are still allowing us to play, whether it be in Greece, Italy or France.

BEWARE OF U.S. CURRENCY PLANS!

One of the organisations which have made great advances lately, both in this country and in the Dominions, is the Economic Reform Club and Institute. Its members have recently sent a useful letter to *The Times*. This letter points out that, in view of the primary importance of monetary policy to post-war reconstruction, they earnestly hope for support for the amendment tabled by Mr. P. C. Loftus, M.P., and supported by thirteen members of all parties. Whilst they do

not seek to judge the experts' plan for the establishment of an international monetary fund without most careful consideration, they feel that it is essential for the Government to state clearly that they intend to maintain control of our *internal* monetary policy. Experience in pre-war years has shown us all too fatally the dangers of outside pressure in depressing the nation's standard of living; and much as they desire the fullest international co-operation, they believe that it would be purchased at too high a cost, if we adopted any international scheme which allowed this to recur.

CUMMINGS v. 'SUNDAY EXPRESS'

A. J. CUMMINGS in the *News Chronicle* did well to point out that the *Sunday Express* recently published the following:

> 'Ah,' some will say, 'but the *Sunday Express* also wrote There Will be No War.' The *Sunday Express* never did. It never went further than to say in 1938 and 1939 that war could be prevented, if we so armed ourselves as to make an attack perilous for the attacker.

Cummings goes on to recall the headings of a leader (one of many such) which appeared in the *Sunday Express*, in April 1939, *after the Germans had occupied Prague*. DON'T WORRY. THERE WILL BE NO WAR.

Since this, the *Express* has stated that the *News Chronicle* was saying much the same thing. This is not true, and the passage quoted is unreasonably twisted.

PROTEST AT MONEY-WORSHIP

A NEWSPAPER man writes to me:

> 'Did you see this in the *Daily Express*, "Hollywood has taken to politics again. It happens once every six years, and is a sure symptom of recurring boredom. Excuse for the present outbreak seems to have been a visit from Vice-President Henry Wallace"?
>
> 'It would be hard,' he says, 'to find a clearer example of *Daily Express* thinking, in which interest in politics, or in anything but making money, is regarded as a kind of disease, and treated with pitying contempt.'

Readers are greatly missing that upright and unusually fearless journalist, Tom Driberg, the former William Hickey.

THE GIRLS AGAIN!

AT the time of writing, farmers here need still more rain; neither can it be stated with truth that our girls are behaving quite as well as they might. It is difficult, nevertheless, I would have thought, to see the connection. Not so the Cardinal Archbishop of Milan. He blames 'Sunday work, the craving for amusement, and especially the conduct of young women, for the drought which threatens crops.' He has ordered prayers for rain.

BE BASIC!

I AM unable to refrain from reproducing this from the *Manchester Guardian*:

> Obviously seditious and subversive communication from E.B. 'If we are to go basic, let us at least do the thing properly. We want an absolutely common language, in which we can commune on terms of fraternal equality with the whole animal world.
>
> COMPREHENSIVE AND EXHAUSTIVE DICTIONARY OF UNIVERSAL BASIC

English	*Basic*
I am hungry	Wouf
I am cold	Brrrrr
I am wet	Ugh
I am hungry, cold, wet and thoroughly disagreeable	Wouf, wouf, wouf
I am fed	Ha
I am warm	Ha, ha
I am dry	Ha, ha, ha
I am fed, warm, dry, and satiated to the point of ecstasy	Miaow
I love	Coe, coee, coeeeeeee
I hate	Grr, grrr, grrrrrrrrr
Aren't I clever?	Cock-a-doodle-do.'

AMGOT STOPS 'LA CRITICA'!

GEORGE EDINGER

WHEN the AMGOT authorities commandeered the old-established publishing house of Laterza at Bari, and so automatically ended, after forty years, the life of Benedetto Croce's review *Critica*, it was an epoch in the history of European civilisation. For, as a writer to *The Times* remarked, 'History can scarcely fail to record that the one voice of human dignity and independence that even the Fascists, even the Nazis, never dared to silence, was stilled in the end by the Anglo-American forces of Liberation!'

As a voice that spoke in the wilderness through all the hopeless years, *Critica* was unique. Italians and foreigners alike were astounded that it was ever suffered to continue. But when Senator Croce was asked for his explanation, he would turn the query aside with one of those stories, half quizzical, half philosophic, in which the Neapolitan delights.

'Did you never,' he would say, 'read the tale of *A Zitella Raffaela* by my old friend Salvatore di Giacomo? The Zitella (virgin) Raffaela, you remember, lived down by the docks in a street of ill fame. There was not an honest woman in the street of Raffaela, save of course Raffaela herself. But of Raffaela no one was ever known to whisper one word of scandal. Just think, in Naples, and not one word of scandal', and the veteran Neapolitan would chuckle in his curly grey beard.

'But, Senator, how did she come to have her home in such a street?'

'What, she should leave the street, the Zitella Raffaela, but you do not understand! Every woman adored her in the street; not one of them but was proud to live in a place that was so respectable that the Zitella made her home in it. Not one of them but would point up to her window of an evening when she went to bed . . . alone . . . and say that is her room; the Zitella Raffaela. . . . You see, my friends, I, Benedetto Croce, am in Fascist Italy *A Zitella Raffaela!*'

And so he endured to the very end, the Benedetto Croce who belongs to the world, and yet is a Neapolitan of Neapolitans. Truly a paradox. But Naples is the home of paradox.

For in Naples forty per cent of the people have not yet learned to read or write, and Naples was always the home of the greatest philosophers.

A stone's throw from the rambling Baroque Palazzo, 12 Via Trento Maggiore, where Croce lives with his wife, four daughters and 60,000 books (or did till the Blackshirts wrecked his library), stands the Dominican Monastery in which St. Thomas Aquinas sat studying in his cell. Not many yards off is the house of Giordano Bruno, and in the immediate neighbourhood you can see the room where the great Vico evolved his philosophy with an illiterate scold shrieking in his ear, and a brood of half-naked brats squalling on the floor. In this city Croce's life was spent and he was born on 25 February 1866, not far away, in the village of Pescasseroli, in the centre of what has become the Fifth Army front. So he is five years and seven months older than United Italy!

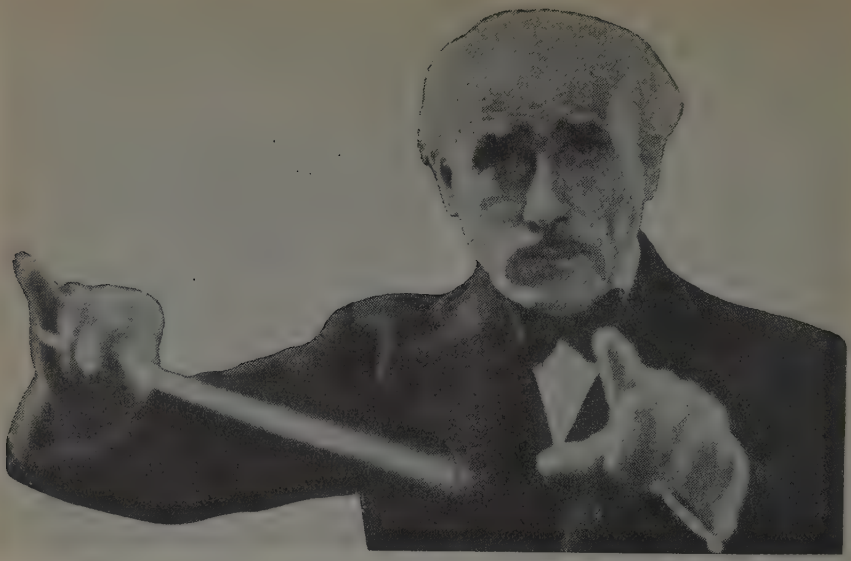
Sprung from an ancient land-owning family, the son of a magistrate high in the service of the King of Naples and Sicily, and one of thirteen children, the young Croce would have grown up in a very pleasant world if Nature had not decided upon a freakish intervention. But it happened that when he was seventeen years old an earthquake overset the house at Pescasseroli.

The whole family, save only one brother who was not at home, lay buried under the ruins, and young Benedetto was the only one whom they brought out alive.

For the next few years he was at Rome, in the care of an uncle; and in 1886 he came back to the Naples where he has had his home ever since. But while his heart was never far off his own city, his mind conned the thoughts of all times and all peoples. He has an almost German capacity for hard work. 'Two pounds of spaghetti and twelve hours at my desk,' he tells the visitor, and at No. 12 there are many visitors. Settled to the task, he will not tolerate any distraction; and he exacts from his family and his household the same intensive concentration over the darning of a sock or the frying of an omelette that he gives to writing the philosophy of history.

But when it is five o'clock of an evening he pushes his books and papers away, throws off the weight of many hours of labour, and sallies out into the streets.

You will find him on the water front, or in the Via Roma which, like every good Neapolitan, he insists on calling the Toledo (originally it was so named from a sixteenth-century Spanish Viceroy, though it has been Via Roma these



Great Italians: ARTURO TOSCANINI, *the most successful symphony conductor in history. Steadfastly anti-Fascist. The son of a poor tailor of Parma*

sixty years), or in any one of those fœtid *viccoli*, alleyways too narrow for wheeled traffic, where the people of Naples festoon their washing and talk at each other, all at once and at the tops of their voices, from many tiers of open windows.

There is not a street in Naples, there is scarcely a house in Naples, or in any of its suburbs, but Benedetto Croce can tell you a story, and generally a funny story, about it.

The lore of his home town is the distraction in which he revels most. He has written whole volumes about its streets and houses, and perhaps they are the most readable of his writings. He is brimful of anecdotes and stories, (and they are not always quite proper stories) about its characters, their mannerisms, their frailties and their jests. He revels in recounting, in the Neapolitan dialect that is a compound of all the languages spoken by all the nations who have lorded it in Naples, instances of his people's lovable weakness, and their peculiar humour. '*Vede, dunque*, I was in the Toledo this afternoon, and all the newsboys were shouting the tidings of our last most magnificent victory (this during the war against Ethiopia), and what do you think? There is someone scarcely three yards off me who makes a raspberry (*la pernacca*)—the philosopher himself is an adept at them and, would you believe it, that raspberry went roaring right up the whole mile-long Toledo? Everybody in the Toledo, and you know how full it is on a cool evening, was making a raspberry; they made such a noise over it that I just couldn't hear the facts about our glorious victory!'

All this in the Neapolitan dialect which, since I am no Croce, I do not pretend adequately to convey.

But the Senator can recast it in good Italian. One of his undertakings was a version in Italian of the Neapolitan fables of Gianbattista Basile which were published in 1632 and are probably the earliest collection of fairy tales in Western Europe (under the title *La Cenerentuola*; you will find the story of 'Cinderella' among them.) It is typical of the translator that at the same time, and this was around the year 1908, he should have been engaged on an appreciation of the philosophy of Karl Marx!

It is also an index of how far Benedetto Croce has travelled since those days, for his conception of History—of which he knows ten times as much as ever Marx did, which would not be easy, and which he understands five times as well, which would not be difficult—is as far removed from Dialectical Materialism as you could possibly conceive. For if there is one essential that travels through all the twenty volumes of Philosophy and History and Biography and Folk

GIOVANNI BATTISTA BARBIROLLI, *the great conductor, born in Britain of an Italian father*

Lore that the greatest brain in twentieth-century Europe created in threescore years, it is that great Intangible, the Spirit, whether it be in a man, a nation or an age.

The essence of this philosophy pervades Croce's conception of Art, or as he calls it, Æsthetics, which he has condensed to write the article under that heading in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Prose and Verse, Music and Painting, are the sum of man's experience transmuted into beauty by the working of that spirit and clothed in the form, line or harmony that the ages have found good. The degree in which the artist can contrive to combine these three, the Spirit that is unchanging, the experience that he has known, and the forms that are the product of the long experience of his fellow men, determines the worth of all he creates. In the polite literature of the eighteenth century, both in France and England, as in the layout of the architecture of that age, which it is now so fashionable to admire superlatively, there is an excess of form. Contemporary verse, painting and music too often express the creator's spirit without any form or manners at all, whence our poetry that neither rhymes, scans nor makes sense, our shapeless paintings and our music that is a jarring sequence of discords.

But for Benedetto Croce the essential is the experience. He finds no place for art for art's sake or the intellectual in an ivory tower. The philosopher who comes out every day into the streets, and they are Naples streets, to mix with sailors and shopkeepers, painters, fishwives, monks and beggars, insists that all art must be in touch with the time, and with his time the artist must strive and suffer.

'Those artists who have embraced the creed of pure art and close their hearts to the cares of life and the troubles of thought are wholly unproductive.' And again: 'The artist must have a share in the world of thought and action which will enable him to live the whole drama of human life! In fact, the all-pervading Spirit (manifested in art) goes hand in hand with experience!'

And the sum total of mankind's experience as it shaped and was shaped by the Spirit is History. 'The Spirit works itself out in History', and it follows that 'the only absolute reality is history which has neither beginning nor end but is self-creating and self-begotten.' These words recall the dictum of the first Napoleon: 'Let my son study History: it is the only true philosophy.' 'But,' says Croce, 'it has neither beginning nor end.' It is self-creating and self-begotten, the product of the Spirit, not of man-made theories and regulations. It has no finality. What, then, becomes of Karl Marx with his

COUNT SFORZA, *a descendant of the independent, and autocratic, ruling dukes of Milan. But a sincere Italian liberal*

successive stages of Feudalism, Capitalism and, finally and for all time, a Communism perpetually static under which everybody will sit down and fill in forms and live happily ever after? There can be no such final state because the undying Spirit will never suffer it.

'Every man who enslaves another,' Croce wrote, living in Fascist Italy in 1938—'every man who enslaves another makes him strive for liberty.' Has there ever been a ruler, ever a system, that has appreciated this?

'Yes,' says Croce. 'For two hundred years the History of England has been the history of a Power educating the peoples in freedom as opposed to States which think they can only govern by mortifying the Will!'

That Croce should write this and publish it in 1938 when the whole machinery of Fascist Government was working overtime to abuse the British 'Pluto-Democracy' may to most men prove no more than that Benedetto Croce is a person of surprising courage. But to Croce it proves the truth of his whole conception. That he should sit down to frame these words at a time and in a place where there was less liberty than was ever perhaps known was the inevitable outcome of that very fact—'Every man who tries to enslave another makes him strive for liberty.' So it follows that the greatest champions of Liberty have been the product of tyranny. 'Even in the darkest, crassest times, Liberty throbs in the verses of poets, proclaims herself in the pages of thinkers, and burns lonely and splendid in men who cannot be assimilated in the world around them.'

One reflects on John Milton proclaiming the freedom of the spirit while Cromwell's Ironsides thought to tramp it down; on John Bunyan in Bedford Gaol languishing to death but swelling to immortality; or Shelley and Byron swept to the sublime by the floodtide of reaction; Mazzini stirred to live by the arid World of Metternich; Tolstoy, Gorki, Kropotkin, breaking the silence that was Czarist Russia. Such men may have been few in their age, and Croce admits it—lone voices that seemed unheard in the waste, but strangely the very ones out of all their contemporaries whom posterity cares to remember.

In his time and for a time, Benedetto Croce has seemed the most lonely of them all. Church and State combined to crush him with thunderbolts and fulminations. Because he, unlike his greatest compatriot contemporary Gentile[1] (who is already almost forgotten), was one of thirty-one University Professors who would never take the oath to Fascism, the Blackshirts sacked his house and burnt his library. His Popish Holiness went all out after him with candle, book and bell and put his books, all twenty of them, on that great Index to what is most worth reading, the *Index Expurgatorius*.

But Croce had written: 'Violence is not strength. It is weakness that proves nothing.' To him History, the only absolute reality, is also the story of Liberty. He has called his latest book just that. And by his life he set out to prove it. The lone landmark in the Fascist waste could not be unnoticed. Two generations of young Italians made the pilgrimage to the rambling old house, as two centuries before them men and women travelled across a continent to Ferney and Voltaire. He kept open house for all. You would see him on a summer evening by the

[1] Gentile has since been assasinated in France.

window in his shirt sleeves in an expectant circle that waited for him to talk of liberty when he would only talk of Cinderella.

For the philosopher eschewed the frontal approach to politics. Directly he never attacked the Régime. Indirectly he never did anything else. In all that he published, and chiefly in *Critica*, he followed the consistent trend of his philosophy wherein it was clear as sunlight on the Bay of Naples that Nazi Fascism with all that appertained to it was false, evil, ephemeral and unsound. Yet, if he did not descend into the arena to fight, it was clearly through no lack of courage. In fact, he hated politics and he never wanted anything to do with them. Save for a brief spell as Minister of Education in the Liberal Giolitti Government of 1920–21, which he used, in defiance of the traditions of Continental Liberalism, to bring back religious teaching into State education, thus reversing the policy of his predecessors for half a century, he acted by his own maxim, often expressed, that 'writers of history are unsuited for politics.'

But the Fate that had freakishly reorientated his life with an earthquake at Pesscaseroli intervened . . . this time with an earthquake of another kind. Fascism came crashing down in ruins and, one summer night in 1943, British Commando raiders descended from Salerno upon Sorrento where the philosopher was waiting, and carried him off to the headquarters of the Anglo-American Command.

Suddenly called upon in his later years to play his part in world politics, Benedetto Croce proved difficult. He declined to compromise with expediency as he had declined to compromise with Fascism, particularly the expediency that had worked with Darlan. First the King must go. 'King Victor,' he said, 'is an egoist concerned solely with upholding the interests of a tarnished dynasty!' Then other people must go. 'There are certain Generals,' he said tactlessly, 'who want to clamp down on us a new version of the old tyranny that under the name Fascism they accepted and supported for twenty years.'

All this was most unacceptable to a harrassed High Command, particularly since the spokesman refused as uncompromisingly to be in a hurry with purists like Count Sforza who would have ousted the monarchy then and there, to introduce, without any consultation with the Italian people, some new State form without any roots in their tradition or their history. In setting himself against a Republic, of which he would inevitably have been the President, Benedetto Croce allied against himself the impatience of the Naples mob and the impatience of the Anglo-American administrative mind.

But among the officers and men of the Anglo-American Armies he could not fail to be liked and respected. And when the tide bore him back to Naples again and the old house was re-opened, the informal levees would be thronged by a new kind of guest.

Midshipmen, flying officers and lieutenants, fresh from John Hopkins or Christchurch, crowded to listen to and to laugh with him, and their seniors could not long keep away, so that he was moved to tell his fellow countrymen: 'I who have seen Englishmen and Americans in Naples working for our City and giving constant proof of their goodwill, have to make a great effort to remember that militarily speaking they are the victors and we are the vanquished.' All that, however, did not get over the fact that the old fellow's consistency and rectitude were a great nuisance to the realists and especially to that master realist in the Kremlin who had once refused asylum in the Proletarian Paradise to the hunted members of the International Brigade that saved Madrid. Or maybe the Marshal could not forgive him for *saying* that Marxist tyranny was the inverse imitation of Nazi Fascism. Anyhow, the military machine that had set itself to override an attitude of mind was fortified to carry the day for expediency when the Kremlin accepted the King and the Generals whom Croce would not accept, and gave the Badoglio Government its formal recognition.

Yet it is to be doubted whether Croce was upset any more than Croce was surprised. After all, his was the philosophy that denies finality, and he had not expected to find a harbour at the end of the journey. Certainly in his time he looks for no perfect order of things; has he not written, and only five years ago, that 'the Liberal finds his happiness only in the joy of working and fighting as mankind always must and can'?

Little Italian: BENITO MUSSOLINI

TROUBLE COMING IN PALESTINE! (II)

O. S. EDWARDES

In September 1919, speaking as Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George said: 'The Arab forces have redeemed the pledges given to Great Britain, and we should redeem our pledges.' The Arab grievance is that we did exactly the opposite, and they wonder how much longer we are going to do it.

The Supreme Allied Council in 1922 mandated Palestine-cum-Transjordan and Iraq to Britain, and Syria-cum-Lebanon to France. The Arabs did, and do, resent this disposal of their promised lands, and the promises I have already quoted are not their only reasons. They had two other assurances which they say were dishonoured, with lasting effects.

You hear much about AMGOT nowadays (Allied Military Government of Occupied Territory). Towards the end of the war in 1918 it was called O.E.T.A.—Occupied Enemy Territory Administration. Under this temporary arrangement Britain took Palestine, the French took Lebanon and part of Syria, and an Arab authority had the rest of Syria. The Arabs were neither more nor less suspicious than some people are today when they read about AMGOT. The Arabs remembered the Sykes-Picot compact. Some of them particularly disliked the separation of Palestine and Syria under different masters, though General Allenby was in supreme command. He told them, in language familiar today, that 'whatever measures might be taken during the period of military administration, they were purely provisional and could not be allowed to prejudice the final settlement of the Peace Conference.' He added that 'the Allies were in honour bound to endeavour to reach a settlement in accordance with the wishes of the peoples concerned.'

That was one more assurance. Another came later, in Article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations. This referred to 'certain communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire', and it said: 'The wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatary' (i.e. the country that was to be given a Mandate to look after them).

It was to rediscover the general wishes of these communities that President Wilson sent the King-Crane Commission, whose strong recommendations against political Zionism were quoted in my last article. The Commission reported that in Palestine and Syria it had received about 1,800 petitions, of which 1,350 damned the Zionist programme. The most popular demands of all were for a reunion of Palestine with a re-united Syria, and for independence. Failing independence, 1,152 of the petitions were in favour of the United States having the Mandate, and in 1,073 Britain was the second favourite. More than sixty per cent objected to any French Mandate.

At the same time—and possibly there was a common source of inspiration—these same views came with virtual unanimity from the sixty-nine elected delegates attending the General Syrian Congress on 2 July 1919. They came from all the O.E.T.A. areas, and said they had 'credentials duly authorising us to represent the Moslem, Christian and Jewish inhabitants of our respective districts.'

You may think the Arabs were ungrateful in preferring the U.S.A. to their British allies. I am not trying to whitewash them, I hope: only to explain the sources of their resentments. They had sided with us against the Turks on the strength of British pledges which they now considered broken; America had not been a party to the Sykes-Picot compact; and for more than half a century the Arabs had remembered the contribution to their cultural rescue by American missions and schools at Beirut and elsewhere. Perhaps they also wanted to please the '100 per cent American' King-Crane Commission. They could not know in July 1919 that America, too, would disappoint them.

Not one of their wishes was respected, and all except a secondary wish were flouted. (By 'secondary wish' I mean their choice of Britain as second favourite.) The United States shied away from all Mandates. Palestine and Syria were divided under Britain and France respectively, and the French portion was sub-divided again. Possibly imperial strategy and Mosul oil had a greater influence on Palestine's destiny than the prayers for a British Mandate of the Zionists and the American Jewish Congress. But everybody might have been happier if the Zionists had made less haste to press ulterior motives. The Haycraft Committee of 1921—I

Jewish refugees arriving at Tel Aviv

must mention its report again later—heard much about them from Dr. Eder, Acting Chairman of the Zionist Commission in Palestine. There could be no National Home, he said, for Arabs in Palestine, but only a Jewish one. In his opinion there could be 'no equality in the partnership between Jews and Arabs, but a Jewish predominance as soon as the numbers of that race are sufficiently increased.'

Unpopular in conception, the Mandate was not going to have an easy birth.

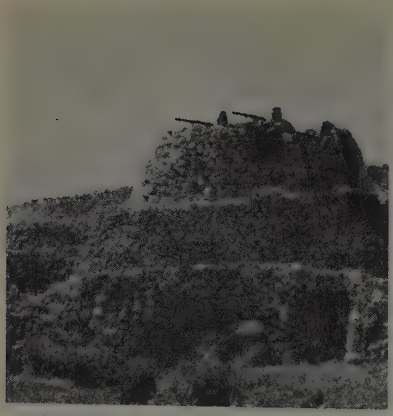
THE MANDATE

The Palestine Mandate was published in 1922. It included the Balfour Declaration, with a difference. If we accept the novel theory that A can effectively release B from a perfectly moral promise to C without C's consent—if the League could absolve Britain from her pledges to the Arabs—the Mandate made it a duty for the British to 'secure the establishment of the Jewish National Home', not merely 'endeavour to facilitate' its establishment. So the friends of Zionism invoke the Mandate against any hint of disappointment for Zionists. They say that, anyhow, only the League of Nations can release Britain from her mandatory obligations to the Zionists. Yet some of the same people pooh-poohed the Frenchmen who appealed to their own Mandate, in similar terms, against British insistence on independence for the Lebanon in 1943.

Here again it has been found convenient to keep one eye closed—the eye that might have seen what the Mandate said for Palestine's indigenous majority.

Like the Balfour Declaration, the Mandate bound Britain to safeguard completely 'the civil and religious rights of all the inhabitants of Palestine'. It told the British to develop these peoples' self-governing institutions, to encourage their local autonomy, and so on. It rejected a Zionist claim that all Jewry generally may be counted as one of these peoples, for it said that arrangements must be made by law 'to facilitate the acquisition of Palestinian citizenship by Jews who take up their permanent residence in Palestine.' And the Mandate did more. Its Preamble makes it subject, like any other Mandate, to Article 22 of the League of Nations Covenant. This Article lays down certain rules for the working of all Mandates. It is no less binding than the Mandate itself. Here are two of its paragraphs:

> 'To those colonies and territories which, as a consequence of the late war, have ceased to be under the sovereignty of the States which formerly governed them, and which are inhabited by peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of



British police on the look-out for Arab or Jewish terrorists

the modern world, there should be applied the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilisation.'

'Certain communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire have reached a stage of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognised, subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a Mandatory until such time as they are able to stand alone. The wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatory.'

Among these 'communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire' are Transjordan, Iraq, Syria, the Lebanon and Palestine. Syria had representative Councils from 1922 to 1924; a National Government in 1926; adult franchise and a constitution-making assembly in 1928; an elected parliament in 1932. The Lebanon was proclaimed a Republic under the Mandate, with an elected Chamber, in 1926. Transjordan has had its own National Government since 1929, 'subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by the Mandatory.' Iraq was made completely independent in 1930–31 without a relic of submission to a Mandate. We never liked the way the French would interrupt the emancipation of Syria and the Lebanon. At Britain's urgent 'request' they finally proclaimed and confirmed the independence of both countries in 1943—although the Lebanon, unlike Palestine, was certainly excluded from the McMahon promise of Arab sovereignty. Transjordan, Syria and the Lebanon are next door to Palestine. The Lebanon is one-third the size of Palestine, so it cannot be argued that Palestine is relatively too small to enjoy equal status. Transjordan and Syria are very much larger than Palestine, so it cannot be said that Palestine is too cumbrously big for equal status.

What is the matter with Palestine, that its people should have been denied the freedom given to their neighbours on all landward sides of them?

You may say—in the language of the Covenant I have just quoted—that Palestinians were 'not yet able to stand by themselves', that they had not yet even 'reached the stage of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognised subject to', etc. But were they so much more backward than the Transjordinians and Iraqis? Were they more backward because for generations they had had closer contact with Western civilisation? Perhaps: we need not be complacent about our scientifically bellicose culture. But had the Palestinians suffered so badly, in contrast to their neighbours, from the atmosphere of a Holy Land, the influences of Christian missions, the example of the Jews living among them and immigrating, the work of the British Administration for their 'wellbeing and development'?

You can answer those questions yourself. The Palestine Arabs know the answer. They had it from the Government, in plain terms, 22 years ago. They were not unequal with their neighbours. This political discrimination against them was due, they were told, to the clauses of the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate about the Jewish National Home. Their political rights, their hopes of political equality with their neighbours, were made subordinate to Zionism. The Royal Commission of 1937 says more than once that this was a major cause of their reaction against the National Home. It says their reaction was natural and logical.

THE NATIONAL HOME

No Court of Law, no thoroughly disinterested authority, has yet decided what the words 'Jewish National Home' mean. But we have two official definitions.

One was by Sir Herbert Samuel (now Lord Samuel) on 3 June 1921, when he was High Commissioner in Palestine. He was also the excellent Jew in the British Cabinet of 1917 who did so much to bring about the Balfour Declaration. He said it meant that 'the Jews, who are a people scattered throughout the world, but whose

The historic city of Acre, Palestine

hearts are always turned to Palestine, should be enabled to found here their home, and that some amongst them, within the limits fixed by numbers and the interests of the present population, should come to Palestine in order to help by their resources and efforts to develop the country to the advantage of all its inhabitants.'

A second and definitive interpretation is the British Government's own. You may find it quoted in the White Paper of May 1939 from an earlier Statement of British Policy, the Churchill Memorandum of 3 June 1922. The Zionists formally promised to comply with it.[1] It says:

> 'When it is asked what is meant by the development of the Jewish National Home in Palestine, it may be answered that it is not the imposition of a Jewish nationality upon the inhabitants of Palestine as a whole, but the further development of the existing Jewish community, with the assistance of Jews in other parts of the world, in order that it may become a centre in which the Jewish people as a whole may take, on grounds of religion and race, an interest and a pride.
>
> 'The Jews have re-created in Palestine a community now numbering 80,000. This community has its own political organs; an elected assembly for the direction of its domestic concerns; elected councils in the towns; and an organisation for the control of its schools. It has its elected Chief Rabbinate and a Rabbinical Council for the direction of its religious affairs. Its business is conducted in Hebrew as a vernacular language, and a Hebrew press serves its needs. It has its distinctive intellectual life and displays considerable economic activity. This community, then, with its town and country population, its political, religious and social organisations, its own language, its own customs, its own life, has in fact "national" characteristics.'

That was written more than twenty years ago, when the population of the Jewish National Home had already increased by over 30% in three years. Since then it has multiplied itself again more than five times over. Legal immigration accounted for about 75% of the increase—or for 306,000 out of a total net increase of 413,000—between 1920 and 1938. There has also been a steady intake of 'unauthorised' settlers: well over 40,000 of them by 1938. The Home has prospered economically and culturally to an amazing degree. It has indeed already become 'a centre in which the Jewish people as a whole

[1] Their answer to the whole of the Churchill Memorandum, including its assurances to the Arabs, was a resolution saying: 'The Executive of the Zionist Organisation, having taken note of the statement relative to British policy in Palestine, assure His Majesty's Government that the activities of the Zionist Organisation will be conducted in conformity with the policy therein set forth.'

may take, on grounds of religion and race, an interest and a pride.' They can and do. In his book *Thy Neighbour*, in 1936, Lord Melchett could write: 'Where our opponents prophesied failure, we have achieved triumph. . . . Nothing like it has ever been done before. . . . A miraculous development, one which any great Mediterranean power, France, Spain, or Italy, would be proud to boast of.' (Fascist Italy at that time was fresh from the conquest of Abyssinia.) At this very moment I have just seen an advertisement of a new book by Professor Norman Bentwich, a renowned apologist for Zionism. The book is called *Judaea Lives Again*; the advertisement is headed 'Palestine Miracle'; and Victor Gollancz, its Zionist publisher, describes the book as 'the marvellous story of the rebuilding of the Jewish National Home in Palestine, with its example to all mankind of physical and spiritual triumphs'.

No wonder the Royal Commission of 1937 was able to say, 'today the National Home is a going concern.' In other words, the Jewish National Home *has* been established. The first half of the Balfour Declaration, and the corresponding part of the Mandate, have been fulfilled. They are therefore unique among all the many promises that people connected with Palestine have had.

SUBSIDIARY PLEDGES

Among other things, the Churchill Memorandum noted that the Palestine Zionist Executive neither claimed 'any share in the general administration of the country' nor was allowed it by a clause of the Mandate which gave the Zionist Organisation certain privileges among the Jews.

In fact, the P.Z.E. is the backbone of the Jewish Agency's Executive in Palestine, and the Royal Commission of 1937 reported: 'There is no branch of the Administration with which the Agency does not concern itself. . . . This powerful and efficient organisation amounts, in fact, to a Government existing side by side with the Mandatory Government.' And about the combined effect of the Jewish Agency with that of affiliated bodies: 'It would be difficult to find in history a precedent for the establishment of so distinct an *imperium in imperio*.' Notice, by the way, that a large majority of the Council of the Jewish Agency, its supreme governing body, neither 'belongs' to Palestine nor lives there.

The Churchill Memorandum also said that the Zionist immigrants must not be a burden on the people of Palestine as a whole, nor 'deprive any section of the present population of their employment.'

In fact, certain clauses of the Jewish Agency's constitution—safeguarded by the British Government—provide that nobody of the non-Jewish majority may buy or lease Zionist land or find employment in Zionist colonies. Successive inquiry Commissions from 1921 to 1937 reported distress or need among Arab tenants and labourers evicted by Zionist purchases of land; and both the Haycraft Committee and the Royal Commission found evidence that Jewish landowners had been intimidated to discharge Arab labour. By an amazing monopoly which the Government had granted in 1921 to a Zionist private enterprise, the Palestine Electric Corporation, cultivatable Arab land was found to have been denied irrigation from the Jordan and the Auja, the only two useful rivers in Palestine.

The Churchill Memorandum promised (in 1922) that Palestine should have a Legislative Council 'containing a large proportion of members elected on a wide franchise.'

A scheme was put forward in 1935–36 for a Legislative Council without either an elected majority or the right to discuss the Mandate, immigration or 'the power and authority of the Jewish Agency'. The proposal was derisively out-debated in the British Parliament, not because of its pusillanimity, but on the questionable assumption that the Arab minority in the Legislative Council might establish a right to limit immigration into their own country.

WHOSE INDEPENDENCE?

In a passage re-appearing in the Government's White Paper of 1939 the Churchill Memorandum had said:

> '*Unauthorised statements have been made that the purpose in view is to create a wholly Jewish Palestine. His Majesty's Government regard any such expectation as impracticable and have no such aim in view. Nor have they at any time contemplated the disappearance or subordination of the Arabic population, language or culture in Palestine. The terms of the* [*Balfour*] *Declaration do not contemplate that Palestine as a whole should be converted into a Jewish National Home, but that such a Home should be founded* in *Palestine*.'

This, too, of course, was endorsed by the Zionists' comprehensive promise of compliance with the Memorandum.

Lloyd George was Prime Minister at the time of the more specific pledges to the Palestinian Arabs, of the Balfour Declaration, and of the Churchill Memorandum. Yet he told the Royal Commission of 1937 two interesting stories. He said the Balfour Declaration was 'due

Damascus, Syria, the heart of Arab culture. On the right, the Omayad Mosque on the site of the Roman temple

to propagandist reasons' at a moment of the last war when the Allies were at very low ebb. He also said:

> 'It was contemplated that when the time arrived for according representative institutions to Palestine, if the Jews had meanwhile responded to the opportunity afforded them by the idea of a National Home and had become a definite majority of the inhabitants, then Palestine would thus become a Jewish Commonwealth.'

In an effort to do Lloyd George justice, we may hope that this was an afterthought, by twenty years—or an example of the sad tricks that old age can play with memory. We may also hope that when the actual author of the Churchill Memorandum interpreted it in much the same way to the Royal Commission, he was misguided by generous loyalty to his old chief. Otherwise this paragraph of the Memorandum, deliberately intended to soften the Mandate's blow at Arab hopes, must have been a mean fraud, a flagrant deceit by *suppressio veri, suggestio falsi*. The Royal Commission said so, more politely of course:

'To foster Jewish immigration in the hope that it might ultimately lead to the creation of a Jewish majority and the establishment of a Jewish State with the consent, or at least the acquiescence, of the Arabs was one thing. It was quite another thing to contemplate, however remotely, the forcible conversion of Palestine into a Jewish State against the will of the Arabs. For that would clearly violate the spirit and intention of the Mandate System. It would mean that national self-determination had been withheld when the Arabs were a majority in Palestine, and only conceded when the Jews were a majority. It would mean that the Arabs had been denied the opportunity of "standing by themselves": that they had, in fact, after an interval of conflict, been bartered about from Turkish sovereignty to Jewish sovereignty.'

The White Paper of 1939 said: '*His Majesty's Government therefore now declare unequivocally that it is not part of their policy that Palestine should become a Jewish State.*'

The White Paper added: '*The objective of His Majesty's Government is the establishment within ten years of an independent Palestine State* in such

treaty relations with the United Kingdom as will provide satisfactorily for the commercial and strategic requirements of both countries in the future. . . . The independent State should be one in which Arabs and Jews share in government in such a way as to ensure that the essential interests of each community are safeguarded.'

The Government also undertook that Jewish immigration (with or without Arab consent) should be regulated during the next five years so as to bring the Jewish population up to about one-third of Palestine's total, and would then become subject to Arab consent.

Three more pledges—delivered when so many of us were preaching against Hitler's breaking of pledges. Certainly they were not more than compatible with the original promises to the Arabs.

Debate on the White Paper in the House of Commons lasted two days, 22 and 23 May 1939. To hear it was a shocking experience. Perhaps nobody ought to have been surprised. It happened at a time when a great many Members were verbally upholding the rights of small countries against Hitler. But the subject now was a small country under the British Parliament's thumb, and that was 'different'. A biggish majority of the speeches had a common failing. Their text was the first half of the Balfour Declaration. They interpreted it to suit the Zionists rather than Jewry as a whole; and embellished it to fit their own theory that it was now being 'abrogated'. They totally ignored its second half. Other speakers tried analogous surgery on the Mandate. Some remarkable notions came forward. For instance, the present Secretary for India was afraid that if he voted for the Government's proposals he could 'never hold up his head again to either Jew *or Arab*' because he had repeatedly told them (he said) that the British Government would never go back on its pledges. Even the author of the Churchill Memorandum argued that Britain would be repudiating her obligations if she at last kept her promise that the Palestinian Arabs would be allowed to look after their own country's affairs. Only two or three speakers challenged this logic. One of them, Mr. Maxton, said the pledges to either community were immaterial: the problem was how ordinary folk were going to live happily together in the future, and this they could do only by shouldering their responsibilities together. Another, Sir Ralph Glyn, looked forward to a federation of the Arab countries, and drew this impressive picture of a Jewish National Home *within* Palestine: 'A spiritual National Home, a sort of Vatican where they could have Universities, a new Temple of the Covenant, and enshrine that wonderful history of traditional belief and custom that has kept them together, scattered as they are, over the face of the earth.'

The Government won in the division lobbies, but only by the narrowest margin it had had till then—268 votes to 179.

In fairness to the House, remember these extenuating circumstances: to a large number of Members the Government was anathema because of 'Munich', and must therefore be attacked on every pretext. The horrible pogrom in Germany after Munich had stirred most Members to more emotional sympathy for the Jews than practical thought for them (there had even been an anxious question or two about Jewish refugees in England supposedly undercutting the labour market). Several Members had many Jews in their constituencies, and it is both the duty and the interest of an M.P. to do what he thinks will please his constituents. And this was the Parliament whose general wisdom was to be indicated four months later by the extent of our preparedness for war.

For Palestinians, however, these are not very comforting reminiscences. Once again they have a categorical promise of independence—subject to safeguards for the Jewish National Home—and this time a fixed limit to delay. But they know that of the half-dozen principal speakers against them in that debate all except one (who is dead) are now entrenched inside the British National Government. They have heard that we are fighting this war to secure, among other things, the sanctity of international treaties and obligations. But they have also noticed that for some reason we have often taken a slightly different view of our own undertakings towards our own subject peoples.

The Arabs know, too, that the Zionists are able and influential politicians, with a 'pull' in Britain, and the U.S.A., where the Arabs have no 'pull' at all. For years the Zionists spoke with two voices, though perhaps with one constant purpose. To one audience they would say they wanted a Jewish State in, or of, Palestine. To another they would disclaim any such idea, and protest that they wanted only unlimited immigration into Palestine. Sometimes they have said both things to one and the same audience. In one letter to *The Times*, for instance, Dr. Weizmann wrote many years ago: 'We do not aspire to found a Zionist State. . . . By the establishment of a Jewish National Home we mean the creation of such conditions in Palestine . . . that the country may become as quickly as possible as Jewish as England is English.' One

Beyrout, the capital of Lebanon, the scene of recent high-handed action by De Gaulle

of his Jewish opponents pointed out recently that 'unlimited' immigration from a Jewish community of 15,000,000 people could only mean, in Arab eyes, the 'subordination of the Arab population' to a Zionist majority of such size that any system of democratic government by popular franchise must convert Palestine into a Jewish State.

Today the Zionists are more downright. At the end of January 1944 a resolution of the Zionist Federation of Great Britain referred to Palestine's future as 'the Jewish State'. At the moment of writing, a motion has been introduced in the United States Congress urging that the Jewish people should be allowed ultimately 'to reconstitute Palestine as a free and democratic Jewish Commonwealth.' If this resolution is passed without protest in the U.S.A., a curious somersault will have been achieved by the country whose own King-Crane Commission in 1919 did most to salvage Arab trust in the honesty of Western democracy.

I have not yet mentioned the Revisionists, though I have referred to a Zionist precedent for elements of the Nazis' racial discrimination. The Revisionists in Palestine are a militant offshoot of the Zionist Organisation. They now call themselves the New Zionists. They were disowned by the principal Zionists because of their terrorist reprisals against the Arabs shortly before the war. A few years ago they said they were 17 per cent of the Jews in Palestine—i.e. that there were about 80,000 of them. The ordinary Zionists put the figure much lower; but in 1939 a writer for the Royal Institute of International Affairs suggested the Revisionists were accurate in claiming that their ideas were shared by many outside their Party. A Zionist friend tells me their influence has grown during this war. And this is one of the ideas three times quoted from a Revisionist leader's speech, and never, so far as I know, disowned by the Party:

'Our Zionist imperialism will flourish under the protection and support of any Power, on condition that that Power will show no mercy to the Arab population, and uses an iron fist under which the Arabs shall not be allowed to move.'

The Revisionists now have their own 'National Military Organisation', as it calls itself—or *Irgun*, for short, in Hebrew. It has claimed and boasted of responsibility for the bombing of immigration offices in various parts of Palestine during February 1944. It has warned the editors of Hebrew newspapers against criticising it. One of these papers reports sympathy with Irgun 'in certain quarters'. Another 'very much regrets' the bombs, but adds in excuse for them: 'it has been proved in this country that it is possible to achieve political aims by organised terrorism.'

After all that has been promised to the Arabs, promised away from them, and done to them, and after all that we have said and done for Tito and other patriots, I suggest we shall have neither excuse for misunderstanding, nor right to be censorious, if the Arab Palestinians again resist their country's occupation.

WHY I AM A CONSERVATIVE (I)

HAMILTON KERR, M.P. for Oldham

If you went and asked, say, the Head Porter at the Dorchester, or a welder in the yard of Swan Hunter's on the Tyne, or a spinner in the Maple Mill at Oldham, why he was a Conservative, a Liberal, or a Socialist, you would probably get a vague and quite unsatisfactory answer. If you were to ask an inhabitant of Marseilles or Toulouse why he supported Pétain, you would probably receive an immediate and lengthy disquisition on the sanctity of legally established Governments. But to such questions the Englishman remains either dumb, or looks at you with suspicion, or else murmurs some indefinite cliché such as 'because I believe in private enterprise', or 'because I believe in State Control.'

For people governed primarily by instincts are often unable to define or analyse the causes of their actions.

'If you asked the Head Porter at the Dorchester why he was a Conservative, you would get an unsatisfactory answer'

So perhaps I might begin by asking myself why I am a Conservative. When still at school, I fell under the spell of Disraeli, with his doctrine of a socially welded nation and the idea that power and property always bring their obligations. Some years later, and fired by his example, I even attempted a novel which fortunately every publisher I approached returned with firm but polite refusals. Being shrewd business men, they spared both their own dividends and my reputation.

This stillborn infant, however, although lamentable in quality, expressed my half-formed political convictions. Its hero, a twentieth-century Lothair, was steeped in the past greatness of his country, and at a loss how to apply its lessons to the problems of the present day. I am certain that the splendour of his possessions would have satisfied even the gorgeous imagination of Disraeli. The chief apartment of the mansion was a great Gothic Hall, whose beams glowed with the light of stained glass windows containing the arms of ancestors who fell at Agincourt and Crecy. There was a saloon hung entirely with Van Dycks, and the eye travelled down a perspective of state rooms where Reynolds's, Gainsboroughs and Romneys hung on every wall. Unfortunately death duties had impoverished the family, and the house was shut up, save for a few rooms in the gatehouse. My hero's father hoped he would marry a Long Island heiress, and thus revive the splendours of Compton Hall. But, of course, romance demanded that he marry a poor girl, who inspired him to enter Parliament, where he would revive the great principles of Disraeli. Thus he would save his honour and his conscience at the price of his material possessions.

In the meantime I grew up in the period between the wars, dissatisfied with all its standards, its materialism, its vulgarity, its self-advertisement. Our people seemed to have lost all sense of mission. There was a temptation to shut oneself up in an ivory tower and think only of the past.

Then in 1931 an old school friend asked me to go and stand with him for Oldham—a two-member seat. Here was the 'two nations' of Disraeli with a vengeance. Poverty such as I

had never seen: 22,000 unemployed out of a population of 147,000. Japanese competition had shut up many of the mills, and all hope had faded. I vowed then that never, if I could possibly help it, would I countenance again the sight of so much human suffering.

You may ask, 'How does all this relate itself to Conservatism?' It comes to this. Just as the ancient Greek saying 'Know thyself' is the first essence of wisdom for the individual, so 'Know your own people' is the first essence of wisdom for the statesman. Conservatism does not oppose change. It realises that time and circumstance may change the outer forms. It seeks principally to conserve the vital principles which have made the nation great. If I can use a musical simile, a piece of music is written in a certain key. The composer may develop endless variations of his theme but the key remains the same. It is thus for us to discover in what key the British national character is written.

To me the first characteristic is a balance of opposites which makes us the most gifted political people in the world. These opposites are a passionate individualism balanced by natural self-discipline.

Walk down the poorest streets in my own constituency of Oldham. Even in the hardest times of the slump the doorsteps and window-sills, carefully polished with donkey stone, showed that the houseowners had not lost their pride of possession. The Russians, on the other hand, are a nomadic and collective people. I am told that if you go during the course of an evening to a Moscow tenement, you usually find all the inmates in one apartment discussing Stakhanovite movement. The Englishman does not fit easily into such a collective life.

On the other hand, he has a wonderful self-discipline. During the blitz I was in a balloon squadron in the London docks. One of my abiding impressions was the complete silence which followed the explosion of a stick of bombs. No screams, no cries, no sound of running feet—but complete silence, the silence of a natural discipline.

And the third great characteristic of the Englishman is his humanity. Emerson wrote:

'If you asked an inhabitant of Marseilles why he supported Pétain, you would receive an immediate and lengthy disquisition on the sanctity of legally-established Governments'

'English history is aristocracy with the doors open.' In moments of tension, privilege is usually willing to surrender its position if humanity calls with a sufficiently clear voice. Thus I like to remember that it was Lord Shaftesbury, a Conservative, who first led the campaign for the abolition of child labour in factories.

This admirable combination of individualism, self-discipline and humanity develops two main characteristics. Our people are sufficiently intelligent to appreciate the truth, and sufficiently strong to face even the hardest facts. Witness the amazing response to the 'blood, toil, tears and sweat' speech. And, secondly, we always think of great problems, not as a mere graph on paper, but in terms of human beings, of Tom Llewellin, the Rhondda miner, or Jennie Smith, the King's Road charwoman. Thus I have come to develop an overwhelming faith in the political genius of the British people. Tell them all the facts in an honest way, and nine times out of ten they will come to the right decision. Equipped with such a gift they surely have a mission to this world—namely, to teach the art of self-government to other peoples.

If any politician at Westminster would lead our people, he would be wise not to draw his inspiration from economic text books, but principally from biographies of his countrymen, the lives of Queen Elizabeth, Pitt, Burke, Disraeli, which teach us how to handle Englishmen in the mass. And since we are a great world power and all foreign policy, to my mind, is ultimately moulded by geography, he would do well to know his atlas as well as he does the national anthem. The study of 'maps and chaps', as someone coined a slang catchword, offers the best instruction for a leader of the British people.

What about our Constitution, which is the physical expression of our political genius? Disraeli taught that our constitution was not a ready-made article, but a living, organic thing which has grown like a great oak from a small acorn, and each generation pushed out new branches.

When taking Dominion and American troops round the House of Commons, I always like to take them back to the days of the Roman occupation of Britain, and ask them to imagine that they are standing on a small island on the north bank of the Thames, called Thorney Island, formed by two streams coming down from Hampstead and dividing before entering the main river. We are watching reinforcements and supplies for the army of Suetonius Paulinus crossing the Thames by a ford which runs at this point from the south bank to Thorney. For the Roman general, in his punitive expedition against Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, is only doing what generations of Britons have done before him, namely crossing the river at its easiest passage.

When Christianity came, monks always settled near great thoroughfares, and they had a particular liking for fords. Thus it was natural for Edward the Confessor to choose Thorney Island for the site of his great church. Because he wanted to supervise its construction, he built his palace within a stone's throw, the Palace of Westminster. And because the King was the Chief Justice of the land, it was only a natural consequence that Westminster Hall should rise as the majestic setting for the court of the King's Bench.

Thus, through an accident of geography, the three main forces in British life grew up side by side: the Church, the Government and the Law. And how different is our Constitution, which has grown through the centuries, from those of the United States and France, which were drawn up in the space of a few months, and are strictly rigid in their structure.

This slow, organic growth is typical of all British things. Look at the British Empire. Its history shows no settled plan of conquest, such as the Japanese set before them, and carried out step by step. Its development followed three phases. First went the private traders. Then came the chartered companies. Finally, as conquests carried out to protect trade interests brought political responsibility, the state took control.

The same process repeats itself in the development of the Social Services. First came the pioneers in health insurance and education, organising voluntary services. Then the state took a share in organisation and finance. Finally the great scheme of Sir William Beveridge attempts to pull together all the loose threads into a definite pattern of social security.

And perhaps the most typical example of organic growth is the English country house. The façade may date from the period of the Monasteries, the staircase from the reign of Elizabeth, the garden front from Queen Anne, and the stables from the Georges. Yet the whole of these divergent styles and tastes spreads over the ground in no fixed plan, but nevertheless harmonises in one pleasing whole.

And it may be, because of our human processes most closely resembling those of nature, that they are the most lasting and successful. It is this fact which our reformers should bear most closely in mind—for it is the key to the British character and the British genius.

LEASE-LEND—A SUCCESS IN WARTIME

CAN ITS PRINCIPLES BE APPLIED TO PEACE?

EDWARD HOLLOWAY

When, on 11 March 1941, President Roosevelt sat down at his desk to put his signature under a document described as 'An Act to Promote the Defence of the United States', an event of greatest historical importance took place. It is likely that only few people were aware that the international money system as we had known it for generations was being crashed to pieces. The issue does not only concern the banker or the Government. You are involved—the clerk, the factory worker, the shop assistant—every Briton who longs for a better Britain. If the responsible men have the wisdom and courage to grasp now the deep significance of 11 March 1941, we need not be afraid of Peace! There will be no unemployment. We shall not be submitted to the nerve-wracking game of boom and slump. We shall not find ourselves dangling helplessly in the entanglement of currency warfare, economic aggression and cut-throat competition.

The Act which Roosevelt signed is generally known as 'Lease-Lend'. It was to become the financial framework of the wartime 'trade' relations between the U.S.A. and Great Britain. Later the United Nations were included. It was the triumphantly successful answer to Mr. Churchill's famous call across the Atlantic: 'Give us the tools.' When Churchill sounded his call, Britain had already spent some £1.5 milliard in the U.S.A. for war supplies. This stupendous amount had been spent—if we may say so—in the 'old-fashioned' way, i.e. by paying cash for everything we bought, thus sacrificing the best part of our gold and foreign assets. Had we proceeded on these conservative lines, the next disastrous step would have been to raise large loans in the U.S.A. to enable us to buy the tools we needed. We did not raise loans. Roosevelt had a better idea.

If, he argued, we continued to play the old money game, we might just as well scrap the war right away, because within a reasonable time the loan funds would run out. He realised that the enormous amount of wartime requirements far exceeded anything that could be provided for by orthodox financial methods. Thus, he coined the phrase that was to herald a new epoch in economic history: 'Cut out the dollar sign.' The dollar sign was cut out by Lease-Lend. Britain got all she wanted. No financial considerations, no complications resulting from currency, interest, accumulation of debts; transfer of pound sterling barred the way no longer to a full mobilisation of all financial and, consequently, industrial resources. Lease-Lend restricts money movements to the domestic sphere. The American producer of tools gets his money all right. He does not get it from the British, however, but from his own Government. The British receiver of the tools must pay for the goods, but to the British Government in sterling, not to the American supplier in dollars.

Has the Government of the U.S.A. presented the British Government with a gift? This question will be asked by everybody, considering that no payment occurs across the Atlantic. The principle on which payment is based under Lease-Lend is laid down in a report by Roosevelt to Congress: 'The financial costs of the war can and should be met in a way which will serve the needs of lasting peace and mutual economic well-being.' According to this principle, Britain, before Pearl Harbour, paid in blood and toil just as Roosevelt wrote in his report mentioned above. 'The real costs of the war cannot be measured, nor compared, nor paid for in money. They must and are being met in blood and toil.' After the entry of the U.S.A. into the war, Britain was able to pay in kind by delivering military equipment, munitions, stores, supplies to the American forces. It became clear that Lease-Lend was not a gift from one country to another, but a two-way traffic, though very different from all the previous money methods, because it corresponded with the 'unity of purpose'—spirit of the Atlantic Charter. Hence, the term 'Mutual Aid' has, of late, taken the place of 'Lease-Lend'—thus expressing clearly the great idea underlying the Lease-Lend system.

We have found that Mutual Aid is in conformity with the Atlantic Charter. We have also found that Mutual Aid was capable of solving

the most difficult and voluminous international finance problem of the greatest war in history. We have realised that rigid adherence to the conventional methods of finance, such as payment by cash, or loan, or any other way of contracting debts, would have led to a deadlock in the mobilisation of all the industrial and labour forces necessary for winning the war.

Is it not reasonable to raise the question whether the blessings of Mutual Aid could not be utilised to the benefit of the whole of mankind in the coming time of Peace? The tasks of peace are much more formidable than the tasks of war. Surely unity of purpose for all nations is even more important for consolidating peace than for winning it. Can we really expect to master the giant tasks ahead by employing those conservative methods of finance that failed during the war?

We have evidence that the proper approach to our peacetime problems already has adherents among high authorities. We quote, for instance, Lord Halifax as saying: 'Today Lease-Lend is a mobilising of the resources of all the United Nations: a new rendering of "from each according to his ability and to each according to his needs". Or, if you like, of that still older slogan "each for all and all for each" . . . Nor, let us hope, will the story end there. Lease-Lend is a weapon of war, but the idea that it represents and has given to the world, as well as the spirit that inspired it, have an abiding value. We need them for victory in war; we shall need them no less for the constructive tasks of peace.'

However, from the United States, which was the birthplace of the creative idea of Lease-Lend, comes also the plan to mobilise the resources of peace by utilising the huge gold stocks of that country. This plan involves the mechanism of the gold standard which has been proved entirely unable to stand up to the requirements of war finance. Gold loans, or gold gifts, to impoverished countries would certainly set international trade relations in motion, but only for a limited length of time. As soon as the poor countries have spent the gold given to them, they will be paupers as before. The gold will have returned to the country of its origin, and stagnation of trade all over the world will be the consequence! In other words, the gold standard game will inevitably bring us back to the old game of inflationary and deflationary tendencies or—as it is known in business—to the alternations of boom and slump trading or—as it is known to the man in the street—to the vicious circle of employment and unemployment.

What is required of the financial structure is flexibility to offset that game. The true position has already been outlined by no less a person than Winston Churchill as far back as 1932, when he said: '. . . the whole future development of science, our organisations, our increasing co-operation and the fruitful era of peace and goodwill among men and nations . . . are arbitrarily barred by the price of gold. . . . Are we to be told that human civilisation and society would have been impossible if gold had not happened to be an element in the composition of the globe?' As soon as gold is made the dictator over the industrial resources and requirements of the nations, a general greedy scramble for gold is the result. Nations make every possible attempt to export more than they import in order to secure gold—even if only in the form of credit balances or just purchasing-power. Worthy companions of this greedy scramble are mutual suspicion and mistrust, speculation in currencies, commodities and securities, the building of high tariff walls, currency warfare, cut-throat competition, all-round shrinkage of markets and mass unemployment. Debtor nations live in fear of having their currency and credit structure undermined by loss of gold, but creditor nations do not feel any better, because they are afraid of bad debts. Rigid gold parities can only be maintained at the expense of widely fluctuating price levels, yet their shifting sands provide no solid foundation for the placing of forward contracts.'

What, then, would be the satisfactory form of a basis for international trade? Not the exchange of gold or currency, but the fair exchange of commodities and services between nations which are the fundamental realities behind the artificial edifice of the gold standard. Tear down the blackout curtain of gold, and you will find that there is no need for all the complexities of international finance. You will find that it is not necessary to provide the poorer nations with gold, dollars, sterling, or 'a quantum of international currency' (Keynes Plan) in order to equip these nations with purchasing-power.

All we have to do is to find them markets for their surplus products. If they can sell all the goods they produce, they will be transformed into reliable and regular customers of the other countries. That implies above all that the Great Powers in the world are firmly resolved to cut out the monetary sign, of whatever description it may be, and to place world trade on a basis a of 'give and take'.

Individual initiative, private enterprise and a healthy rivalry for markets would not be

Australian airmen festooned with Lease-Lend. Australia has reciprocated to U.S.A.

interfered with, but competition would be restricted to the field of industry and commerce. The element of financial competition would disappear. Exporters would collect their money from a domestic Government agency. Importers would discharge their obligations in their own currency to the Government agency, which would best be incorporated in the existing machinery of merchant banking and shipping houses.

The stimulant for such a development must be the establishment of the principle that a nation upon whom the surplus exports were conferred should not be under any lasting obligation of repayment. The obligation should be on the over-exporting country either to increase its imports or to forego payment after a certain lapse of time. By means of this system nations might gradually tend to become as interested in imports as in exports. No longer would they hold fast to high tariffs. They would lower them, with a consequent all-round expansion of world trade.

However, a nation would not necessarily benefit from receiving a balance of imports, because the payments made to the Government agency by the importers would accumulate, if there were not enough exports. This accumulation or locking up of purchasing-power would result in deflation, slump, unemployment, just as under the gold standard. The Government would hold a credit which would have to be re-spent by stimulating the nation's export industries. Thus, contrary to the gold standard system, the restoration of the equilibrium between imports and exports would not be left to chance, but to well planned arrangements of the Government, in co-operation with private enterprise and foreign partners and in the spirit of Mutual Aid.

NOTE.—Readers of this article wishing to study schemes which would implement the ideas outlined above should read *A Twentieth Century Economic System*, and the exceedingly valuable second report of the Wholesale Textile Association on International Finance in post-war reconstruction and other similar proposals, obtainable from the Economic Reform Club and Institute (London Office) 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

BOLIVIA TODAY AND TOMORROW?

A. E. BALLARD

Bolivia is at war with Germany, but is not recognised by Britain or U.S.A. Argentina, even when maintaining relations with Germany, was recognised

So closely inter-related are the military and economic interests of the Allied nations that it was inevitable that the recent *coup d'état* in Bolivia should be viewed with some anxiety. The third largest country of South America, but appearing on the map a mere midget squeezed between the huge might of Brazil and the vast spread of Argentina, Bolivia is economically one of our most valuable allies, and potentially one of the richest countries of the future. Since the fall of Malaya ninety per cent of the tin used by the United Nations comes from Bolivia.

In the light of investigations carried out at the instance of Mr. Cordell Hull, there seems little doubt that the Axis, working in Argentina, saw a chance here to disturb the United Nations, undermine American 'Good Neighbour' and Pan-American policy, and create a southern bloc, including Uruguay and Chile, which would be amenable to Nazi influence. After consulting Ramirez, the President of Argentina (some say at the house of Count Von Luxburg, former German Agent in Buenos Aires), the Bolivian Nationalists, led by Victor Estensoro and Major Taborza, took advantage of the general unrest which had prevailed since the strike of the tin miners in 1942. On 20 December last they seized power, in the name of constitutional freedom, replaced President Peñaranda by Señor Villaroel, and formed a mixed government of Nationalists, anti-Semites and Socialists. Introducing reforms in favour of the miners, they secured the support of the Left and of the middle classes and intellectuals; and were promptly denounced by the mine owners as pro-Axis. Not unnaturally the Bolivian Minister to Great Britain, Don Antenor Patiño, son of the famous 'Tin King', tendered his resignation, and departed to the United States. Needless to say, the people of Bolivia have not been consulted. How could they be when

La Paz, chief city of Bolivia. The view from a distance is impressive

ninety per cent are illiterate Indians speaking their own Quechua language, ground down by poverty, and numbed by lack of food in the high altitudes where the majority live?

But however anti-American the Nationalists in the new government may be, they cannot ignore the fact that if the Allies are dependent on Bolivia for tin and certain other commodities, Bolivia is dependent on the Allies for her very life. So poorly is agriculture developed that she must import food to live; and she pays for this in tin, which forms eighty per cent of her total exports. Eighty-eight per cent of this tin is bought by the United Nations. There are three main groups of tin mines in the country, those owned respectively by the Hochschild (German-Argentine), Aramayo (Swiss-Bolivian) and Patiño (Bolivian) companies. Patiño sends the bulk of his tin to be smelted in Liverpool. Practically all the rest goes direct to Texas. Bolivia is still further bound to the United States by the necessity of buying twenty-five per cent of her imports from that country.

For these reasons the new government has done everything possible to secure American recognition (so far without avail). The United Nations Pact and the Atlantic Charter have been ratified, assurances given that the new parliament will repeat its predecessor's declaration of war on the Axis when it meets in August, and even the two per cent of tin which was formerly sold to Argentina now finds its way to America.

Bolivia's resources are by no means limited to tin. Tungsten, lead, zinc, copper, antimony and wolfram are all abundant. From the famous mines at Potosí, which have been worked since the Spaniards discovered them nearly four hundred years ago, over 500,000,000 dollars' worth of silver has been extracted.

If cold steel will be needed to clear the Japanese from the territory they have overrun in the Far East, quinine is no less essential in the malaria-infested swamps in which the Allied forces are fighting. Chinchona trees, from the bark of which quinine is obtained, grow on the slopes of the Andes north-east of La Paz, and ninety per cent of the world's supply is cultivated in this area. As a further gesture to the United States, the entire crop is now reserved for the United Nations.

From the jungles of Eastern Bolivia comes

An interior view reveals primitive, if picturesque, conditions

another drug of growing importance in modern medicine. Curare, made from the juice of various plants by the Indians and used by them to tip their poisoned arrows, is being increasingly used in conjunction with shock therapy in the treatment of certain mental diseases. The possibilities of producing this drug in much larger quantities are being explored by American scientists. Cocaine, for local anæsthesia, is also obtained from the coca plantations in the Departments of La Paz and Cochabamba.

If Bolivia's prosperity is potential rather than actual, the reason lies in her great transport difficulties. She has no access to the sea except through the five countries which press round her, not without a covetous eye for certain of her national resources. Around the capital, built on a plateau 12,000 feet above sea level, tower some of the highest peaks of the Andes. To the east the country falls through forest-covered slopes to the tropical jungles of the Chaco. On the western slope of the Cordillera the Indians have since time immemorial used llamas for carrying their produce to market. These sturdy, but somewhat temperamental, beasts will carry loads up to (but not an ounce above) a hundred pounds, even in the most rarefied atmosphere.

In spite of the stupendous difficulties of the terrain, three main railway lines link La Paz and the mining centres of Cochabamba, Oruro and Potosí with the Pacific ports of Mollendo and Arica in Peru, and Antofagasta in Chile. Another line runs from the capital through Jujuy and Tucumán to Buenos Aires. Doubtless with an eye on the oil fields of the Chaco, Argentina has recently driven a fourth line to the Bolivian border to link up with Santa Cruz. Efforts are also being made to open up this area by road. In these tropical jungles the recent development of amphibian vehicles may prove valuable.

Bolivia has no coal. But she has endless possibilities of waterpower in the rivers which rise in the eastern slope of the Andes. Some of these, such as the Beni, Mamore and Rio Grande Rivers, are navigable by low-draught and flat-bottomed vessels, and eventually communicate via the Amazon with the Atlantic coast some 4,000 miles away. Here Brazil has granted Bolivia free use of the port of Santos. Via the Pilcomayo, Paraguay and Paraná Rivers, Bolivia also has access to the River Plate and the South Atlantic, but again the distances are enormous.

Probably the best solution of Bolivia's transport problem lies in the air. Already American and Brazilian trans-continental air lines link La Paz with the Pacific, Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires. With an adequate service of freight and transport planes which would carry men, machinery and supplies to the remote interior, Eastern Bolivia's vast reserves of rubber, petroleum and timber could be rapidly exploited. The prosperity of the country, now depending almost entirely on her mineral wealth, would rest on broader foundations. And the rest of the world would be the richer for materials which will be in urgent demand for years after the war.

Hitherto only the bleakest parts of the country, i.e. the mining areas at altitudes of 10,000 to 15,000 feet, have been at all adequately developed. Apart from the Chaco region, whose climate might not prove suitable for Europeans, there are great possibilities for post-war settlers in the Yungas or tropical valleys lying 2,000 to 5,000 feet up among the spurs of the Cordillera. Sugar, coffee, cacao (cocoa and chocolate), tobacco and cotton all flourish here. That the climate of Bolivia is good is surely proved by the survival of more than 1,200 centenarians among a total population of only three millions.

It is not impossible that post-war developments in aviation may have far-reaching effects on our holiday habits. Bolivia has the most varied attractions to offer the tourist; and he in his turn would take much to Bolivia. Without leaving his seat in the well-appointed train, the traveller can climb to altitudes three miles above sea level among the towering peaks of the Andes, and arrive at La Paz in the afternoon in time to appreciate the best view of the capital and its surrounding mountains. The highest capital in the world has trams, buses, electric light and every other modern amenity. The golf enthusiast can climb (in an electric car) another 1,400 feet to a superb eighteen-hole golf course.

From this city of the *Conquistadores* there are numerous possibilities of excursions among the mountains, and to Lake Titicaca, on which a steamer sails two and a half miles above the Pacific. Sixty miles away are the great pre-Inca ruins of Tiahuanaco. There are road and rail links between La Paz and the picturesque Spanish colonial towns of Santa Cruz and Potosí, where the original wooden machinery used in the silver mines may still be seen. The mineral baths at Calacoto, and the hot springs at Comanche, are also worth visiting. From time to time there are interesting Indian fairs and festivals in all the towns and villages. Finally, if these are not sufficiently exciting, the holiday-maker who must at all costs get off the beaten track might search in the eastern jungles for the Indian tribes who still use blow pipes and poisoned arrows, and who are reported to shrink the heads of their human victims to the size of oranges!

THE INFLUENCE OF SCIENCE UPON POLITICS

SIR JOHN ORR
Britain's leading nutrition expert

It is more than a coincidence that the present political and social crisis in our civilisation was preceded by revolutionary developments in science. Advances in science change the physical basis of life, and give rise to new ideas which conflict with the commonly accepted beliefs which are the cement which holds society together. If society is too slow to adapt itself to inevitable changes, its framework collapses under the impact of the new spiritual and physical forces. This is what happened in the present world-wide upheaval.

A similar crisis occurred about the end of the eighteenth century, following the birth of modern science. The rigid framework of mediæval society failed to adapt itself. The new ideas led to the French Revolution and the new inventions and discoveries to the Industrial Revolution.

By the middle of the nineteenth century the worst of the convulsion which caused great misery and loss of life (in war and in the slums of the industrial towns) had subsided; and society had adapted itself to the changes which science had brought about. It was generally believed that stability had been attained, and that there would be a steady and orderly progress, with an advance in culture and a rise in the standard of living. For more than half a century this proved to be true. But, in the last few decades, physics and chemistry have released physical forces far greater than those which brought about the Industrial Revolution; and the discoveries in biological science have given a prospect of human well-being much higher than was thought possible at the beginning of the present century.

The problem which faces us in the greatest crisis in the history of our civilisation is how to adjust the economic, social and political system, which evolved in the nineteenth century after the last great upheaval, so that the new physical powers and the new knowledge may be directed towards beneficial ends. This must be done with the minimum amount of damage to the existing structure, because there is a limit to the change which can take place without the collapse of the whole system in chaos and disorder.

The problem is rather different from that which politicians and economists dealt with when modern science first appeared. The increased powers of production, which the Industrial Revolution developed had an outlet in a world of scarcity. The new physics and chemistry have revealed a world of almost inconceivable wealth. Fears used to be expressed about the exhaustion of the coal-fields and, more recently, about the exhaustion of the world supply of oil. We now know that there are vast new sources which have not yet been tapped. It is estimated that (at the present rate of consumption) there is enough coal in the United States for hundreds of years and, though the known oil fields will be exhausted in about 30 years, there are said to be enormous quantities of oil in shale rock though the cost of extraction is higher. Apart from these, we have an almost inexhaustible supply of power in the alcohol which can be made from cereals, trees, seaweed and, indeed, from almost any plant life. Even without the release of atomic energy, of which some physicists dream, with the knowledge we now have, the only theoretical limit to power is the amount of solar energy which the earth receives and, of that, man uses only an infinitesimal fraction.

Nor is there any lack of raw materials. The new alloys of the light metals and the new plastics and synthetic textiles, which can be made from materials widely distributed throughout the world, increase the range of raw materials which man can use for making the things he needs. The products made from these are not 'inferior substitutes'! In most cases they are *better* than those made from the materials we have been accustomed to use.

To the new sources of power, and the new raw materials, add the labour-saving devices. No longer must man work long hours to produce the things needed for a full life. Production per man-hour has been steadily increasing ever since the first steam engine. The economic problem in pre-war days was not to find labour to produce things. It was to find work for the men who had been displaced by the machine. With over ten

million unemployed in the 1930's, the output of American industries was greater than before the 1914–1918 war. The demand for munitions of war has called for the application of labour-saving devices, which in pre-war days lay latent. According to press reports, the chairman of an American aircraft corporation has announced that fourteen Liberator bombers are now being produced with the same labour which built only one three years ago. Ford's Detroit works are turning out armour-plate at a rate of ten minutes per sheet (compared with their pre-war rate of two hours per sheet). In one year, the United States built twenty million tons of shipping, more than all the ships belonging to Britain, the largest fleet in the world before the war.

Even in agriculture, which lends itself less to modern factory labour-saving devices than urban industries, the same trend is seen. In Britain, in three years by increased mechanisation and the application to the full of the science of agriculture, food production has increased by 70 per cent. It has been estimated that if modern agricultural science were applied to the same extent as it is on the most efficient farms, the present world food supply could be produced on about 50 per cent of the land at present devoted to food production.

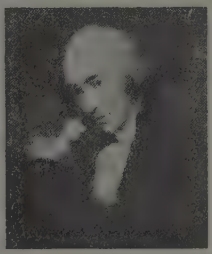
OUR GROWING WEALTH

Some people talk of the world being poor after the war. The world has always been poor, because nature in the raw is poor. But physical science has now given us the means to create wealth on a scale which nineteenth-century industrialists and economists would have thought fantastic. It is true, of course, that for a short period after the end of hostilities, there will be a scarcity of raw materials and the wreckage and devastation of war must be cleared up but, with the increased powers of production which we now have, that job will not take so very long. Against that, we have to set the fact that most of the new munition factories represent additional wealth. By changing the end points of the plants, they can be used to turn out products needed for constructive purposes instead of weapons of war for destruction. Long-range planning must be based on the potential wealth and not on the temporary scarcity due to war. The problem of the future is not scarcity. It is the distribution of an embarrassment of riches. The relatively sudden increase in potential wealth is so great that there is difficulty in adjusting the economic and social order to carry the new wealth.

The problem is the more difficult because it must be solved on a world scale. The aeroplane and radio have made the world a unity. Countries are now in closer contact, and more interlocked and interdependent, than counties in England were 100 years ago. Some form of world government will arise sooner or later. We were moving in that direction before the war. Thus, for example, the great banks had an international arrangement for dealing with finance; and the industrialists had international agreements for production, distribution and sometimes restriction of certain commodities. The League of Nations was an attempt to carry world unification into the political field. Nazism is an attempt at world government based on power. The United Nations are joined together in what might be termed a loose form of world government for the conduct of the war, in UNRRA for post-war relief, and in schemes such as that outlined in the United Nations Food and Agricultural Conference, to get the principles of the Atlantic Charter applied on a world-wide scale. Reactionary schemes for dividing the world into spheres of influence at the end of the present war would bring about only an uneasy armistice. Any system based on a global balance of power would lead to the same failure as a European balance of power. Physical science has made world unity inevitable. It will come, either by conquest or consent. Long-range plans for the future must therefore fit into a world-wide scheme.

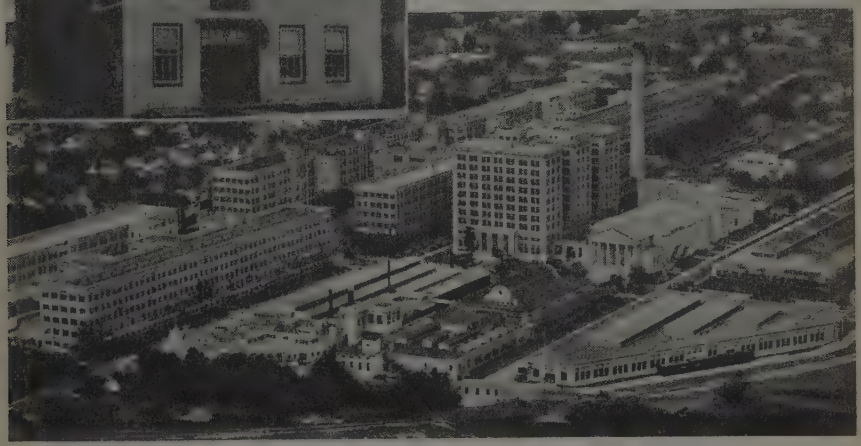
Such is the magnitude of the problems which physical science has created. Though not so spectacular, biological science has made important discoveries, too, which show that there can be an increase in human health and happiness, comparable with the increase in material wealth which physical science has made possible. In less than a hundred years, which is a very short time in the history of a race, the developments in medical science have enabled us to eliminate disease to such an extent that, in Western European countries, the expectation of life at birth has been increased by about twenty-five years. But before the war, even in the wealthiest countries, the poorest third of the population did not enjoy the kind of environment which medical science has shown to be necessary for the full development of inherited capacity for health. The poorer physique, and the shorter life, of this class of the community used to be attributed to heredity. It was thought that they represented an inferior strain of the race. It is now known that there is little, if any, difference between the rich and the poor in their innate capacity for physiological wellbeing. In New Zealand, where practically the whole population enjoys a hygienic environment, and adequate food, the average length of life

The taking of the Bastille, 14 July 1789, symbolised science bursting the rigid framework of mediæval society



The men who first applied modern science to industry and society were men of courage with revolutionary ideas. James Watt (right), 1736–1819, invented the steam engine. Joseph Priestley (left), scientist and theologian, 1733–1804, father of modern chemistry and originator of the phrase 'Greatest good of the greatest number'. Watt and Priestley were sent as a deputation to congratulate the revolutionary party in France

The expansion of industry, owing to the revolution in science, is shown by these pictures of the first Cash Register factory, 1879, and of the same concern's vast plant today. But towards the end of the nineteenth century industry fell into the hands of financiers, and then the further advance of science became a threat to the financiers' power



is 67 years. As environment becomes less favourable to health the expectation of life falls. In the poorest countries, it is less than 30 years. For the whole world population it probably does not exceed 40 years. Physical science has given us the means of creating an environment in which about 30 years will be added to the average length of life for the world population.

Some fear that the full application of medical science on a world scale will lead to an increase in the world population which would go on until it was checked by a world shortage of food. As a matter of fact, the only practical limit to food production is the amount of labour we are willing to devote to it. By applying the knowledge and resources we now have, total world production could be increased more rapidly than the population could increase even though the world birth rate remained at its present level. But it is doubtful whether the high birth rate among the poor would continue if environmental conditions were levelled up to that of the well-to-do, where the birth rate is low. The experience of the past has shown that as the standard of living rises and the length of life increases, the birth rate falls. The bogey which Malthus raised need no longer hinder the march of mankind towards the fuller life which modern science has made possible.

IMPORTANCE OF PSYCHOLOGY

The branch of biological science which has given rise to the most recent and greatest hope of mankind is psychology. Recent intelligence tests have shown that while within any class or any race there are wide differences in individual mental capacity, the difference in the average mental powers of different classes and different races is far less than has been supposed. In the backward races there is probably as high a proportion of individuals whose innate mental ability would warrant their being classed as geniuses if it were developed, as there is among the nations which at present dominate the world. Thus, for example, in tests carried out recently in Chicago, it was found that of 8,000 negro children picked at random twenty-nine were so intelligent as to be put into the genius class. These do not develop because they are not given a suitable opportunity. The follow-up of white school children showed that those who ranked high in the intelligence test at school on the average reached better positions in the social scale than those who were lower. But many of them never reached the level which their intelligence tests would have warranted. It was found that those who failed to fulfil the expectation of the test often came from poor and unhappy homes, in which an adverse environment prevented the full development of their innate intellectual capacity. Man makes society. It would be equally true to say that society makes the man. If the Atlantic Charter promise of freedom from want for all men in all lands be fulfilled, the adverse environmental factors which restrict the development and exercise of innate ability will be eliminated, with the result that there will be a very big rise in the average intelligence of the backward races, and a great increase in the number of men who will attain the intellectual level of those whom we have been accustomed to regard as geniuses. This will bring about a change in human society as revolutionary as any change brought about by physical science.

The impact of these great advances in science on human society is the real cause of the present world-wide revolution. The tension had appeared before the 1914–1918 war. But in 1918 our statesmen thought that the world could be set right by the enlightened application of nineteenth-century political ideas. They failed to realise that social economics is the basis of politics. And few, if any, of them knew, or were even interested in, the advances of science which mould the shape of things to come, and burst the framework of any social, economic or political system which cannot be adapted to them. The nineteenth-century system cannot carry twentieth-century science without extensive modifications.

It is interesting to speculate on how the men who applied modern science to industry when it first appeared about 200 years ago would have reacted to the advances which have taken place in the last few decades. These early industrialists were closely associated with scientists. Many of them, like Roebuck of the Carron Iron Works in Stirlingshire, Wedgwood of the potteries, and Watt in engineering, were themselves scientists. These men had revolutionary ideas about applying science for the benefit of mankind. Two of them, Watt and Priestley, were sent as a deputation to congratulate the revolutionaries in France. They were men of courage, with great ideas for the expansion of industry. They were not afraid of competition, as long as they had a free and equal field. But, towards the end of the century, industries fell into the hands of financiers, who were not interested in developments, except in so far as they affected patents, dividends and stock exchange quotations of shares. They had no revolutionary ideas about the application of science to the development of industry for the promotion of human welfare; and they had no stomach for competition other than extending their financial controls of groups of industries.

New Russian machine for picking cotton. The new labour-saving devices in industry and agriculture can mean more wealth for everyone, more food, more leisure. The problem of today and tomorrow is not scarcity. It is 'distribution', and with modern conditions this problem must be considered on a world-wide scale

The advance of science was a threat to their power. The immediate application of improved methods would have made some of the plant, which represented a part of their capital, obsolete and consequently worthless. Their interest was to maintain the *status quo*. To eliminate competition, they co-operated with those who controlled industries in other countries in agreements to limit production and distribution to what could be sold at a profit by existing methods in existing markets.

If the advance of science could have been halted, they might have succeeded. New labour-saving devices, however, enabled more goods to be produced with less labour, and unemployment and resulting poverty increased. The anti-social implications of the policy of restrictions were fully evident when it was applied to food. In 1934, Mr. S. M. Bruce, High Commissioner for Australia, in addressing the Assembly of the League of Nations, warned governments that an economic system which involved the restriction of the production and distribution of the things which men urgently need was one which could not endure. This was a safe prophecy. It has already disappeared in the U.S.S.R. where all the powers of physical science, and all the knowledge of biological science, were being applied with the same enthusiasm as industrial leaders in Britain had shown at the beginning of the Industrial Revolution.

The knowledge of what science can do had reached the masses in other countries and they were no longer content to suffer 'poverty in the midst of potential plenty'. In Britain, the discontent was allayed by a policy of social appeasement. Social and public health methods took the worst edge off poverty. In the United States, the 'New Deal' prevented a collapse. It is possible that these methods might have acted as a buffer against the impact of modern science, and given time for an adjustment of the economic and social system without a violent break with the past. But the Nazis in Germany, and the ruling class in Japan, embarked upon an ambitious scheme. Instead of restricting the application of science in an attempt to maintain power, they decided to apply all science to the full to get complete power. They recognised that power can be held by a small group only if the light of knowledge is cut off from the people; if the more intelligent people who do not belong to the Nazi class are exterminated; and if the common people are reduced to such a state of physical and intellectual poverty that they have not even the desire to resist the authority of those who control the powers of science. Further, they recognised that the world had become so small that those who hold power must hold it on a world-wide basis. This is the only logical outcome of power politics.

There is no longer any possible doubt that this attempt to enslave the people of the world will fail. Even though all the European nations combined in an attempt to dominate the world by force, they would fail. In the past, the Western nations acquired power because they were

Biological science is in the forefront of modern advance; one of the most exciting departments of biology is the psychological, in, for instance, intelligence tests in industry and schools. We now know that improvement in environmental factors can produce a big rise in the average world-wide intelligence which can cause a revolutionary change in human society

dynamic, translating thoughts and ideas into action, while the Eastern nations remained inert, content with contemplation and suffering. But the East is becoming imbued with the dynamic of the West. The Eastern nations will become industrialised. The example of Japan will be followed by China and India. What Russia has done in twenty years, China with a population of 400,000,000 may do within twenty years after the close of hostilities. Industrial capacity is the basis of military power. If mankind continues to be segregated into nations, or groups of nations playing the game of power politics, the great powers which dominated the world at the beginning of the present century may, before the end of the century, be second or third rate powers, suffering the domination which they imposed upon other nations in the nineteenth century.

If the forty-four nations which have united for war remain united for peace, mankind will be finished with power politics, because in the Atlantic Charter, to which they have all subscribed, they express the belief that 'all of the nations of the world, for realistic as well as spiritual reasons, must come to the abandonment of the use of force.' Disputes between nations will be decided in a world court of justice instead of on the battlefield. The voice of reason will replace the thunder of the guns. For the first time in history, mankind will be free from the horrors of war, and nations relieved of the intolerable burden of armaments. This will remove the first obstacle to building the 'new and better world' in which men will attain 'the fuller life—the just and true inheritance of the common man'.

While it is easy to plan a better society on paper, it is not so easy to build it. The new world must evolve from the old, and, in spite of the lessons which should have been learned from our painful experiences of the past, old ideas which hamper the building of the new world will persist. National jealousies and class hatred oppose world unity. Thus we are already faced with problems of political boundaries which, however important in the nineteenth century, will become less and less important as the collaboration of the nations increases. Then, within each nation, there are still people who oppose schemes designed to give economic freedom to the masses, because they think that thereby their power over the common people (which seems to give them pleasure) will be reduced. Progress will be difficult while there are still governments which cannot get rid of old-world ideas of national sovereign rights and race superiority, and groups of people who still seem to believe in the divine right of 'privileged' classes. Another obstacle is the division of the forces which make for progress into different ideological groups, with different ideas about the ways and the means of building a better society. In the present phase of transition to a new age there is bound to be conflict of ideas, and a conflict of interests.

THE FIRST STEP FORWARD

The first essential is to make a start, and the easiest way is to begin with a simple concrete plan with a limited objective which the great majority of people would agree is desirable. It must be a plan which will satisfy the hopes and aspirations of the people; and it must be one to which the powers of science can be harnessed, and devoted to useful ends. The promise of freedom from want in the Atlantic Charter gives us the first obvious objective. It would be a mistake at this stage to be too ambitious. Let us interpret 'want' as the bare primary necessities of life on a health standard. These are food and shelter. No one not imbued with the Nazi spirit would oppose a scheme to devote the resources of the state, first and foremost, to providing these for all citizens. This is a limited objective. The kind of food and the kind of housing needed for health are known. It is an objective which will meet the hopes of the masses. A decent hygienic home, and food on the health standard, are the only concrete basis of social security for which the masses crave. Then it is an objective which would call for the application of biological knowledge, which has shown that lack of food and shelter on a health standard

An Anti-Planner's Paradise. This is what unplanned mass-production and exploitation actually did to a forest in the Tennessee Valley, now eroded desert

are the two main environmental factors which prevent men attaining their capacity for physiological and psychological wellbeing. The provision of these for everyone would call for the full application of all the powers of production which physical science has created. Even in the wealthiest countries, about a third of the population do not enjoy food and shelter on a health standard, and all over the world the great majority of mankind are in this position. People who are well off do not realise the poverty in which the majority of mankind exists.

Shelter, which means mainly housing, is a national problem, because the kind of shelter needed varies with climate. Food, on the other hand, is an international problem, because the amounts of the specific nutrients needed for health are the same for all races, though they may be supplied by a wide variety of food stuffs according to national dietary habits. The brightest hope for humanity at the present time is the fact that the United Nations, even in the middle of the war, have combined to outline a WORLD FOOD PLAN which will bring freedom from want of food to all men. This plan is not immediate post-war relief in Europe, with which UNRRA is dealing. It is a plan which will dovetail into food relief as the job of UNRRA finishes, and becomes the permanent world food plan.

At the United Nations Food and Agricultural Conference at Hot Springs, the delegates of forty-four nations, representing eighty per cent of the world's population, unanimously recommended that (1) each government should undertake the primary responsibility of seeing that all its people have available a diet adequate for health; (2) all governments should co-operate with each other to facilitate this being done for the people of all countries; and (3) a permanent food and agricultural organisation, on which all governments will be represented, should be established to enable these recommendations to be carried out. Immediately after the Conference, these recommendations were accepted by President Roosevelt, in the name of the people of the United States, and by Mr. Eden, the Foreign Secretary, in so far as they applied to the United Kingdom. There is no doubt that all the nations will subscribe the formal declaration being drawn up by the Interim Commission appointed to prepare the way for the permanent organisation.

The carrying out of these recommendations will set us well on the road to a new world. Lack of adequate food, one of the two main aggressors of health and happiness, and probably the most important adverse environmental factor which prevents mankind attaining full physiological wellbeing, will be eliminated. Other benefits will follow. Some of the economic problems, which appeared insoluble in pre-war days, will be solved. It is estimated that present world food production will need to be about doubled to provide for the nutritional needs of the world's population. So there will be no slump in agriculture after this war as there was after the last. The great new market opened up for food will bring prosperity to food producers, and there are more people engaged in food production than in all other industries put together. The expansion of agriculture on the scale necessary will call for a tremendous output of agricultural implements,

and other industrial products, needed to make food production efficient. The trade in food, the largest trade in the world, will be doubled. The plan will, therefore, bring about commercial prosperity in an expanding world economy. If to the world food plan each nation adds a housing plan on a health standard, there will be no slump in industry for many years after the war, and no problem of unemployment. As President Roosevelt has truly said, there are so many millions who have never been adequately fed, adequately housed and adequately clothed, that if we set out to provide these for every family, there would be work for every man and woman willing to work.

Some express fears that the carrying out of this scheme will upset the economic system. These fears are groundless. The world food plan can be carried out as well under a system of free enterprise as under a communist system. Difference of intra-national methods need not interfere with international collaboration.

There is another aspect of this world food plan which is of the utmost importance for the future. A world organisation, on which every nation is to be represented, is being set up to deal with international food problems. But food must be exchanged for other commodities. A world food organisation cannot function except as part of a world economic council of some kind. Already the Senate of the U.S.A. has recommended that such a council should be set up. Then a world economic council cannot function without some form of world financial organisation. Thus, the world food plan sets going a chain of events which will lead to close co-operation of governments in the economic field. Economics is the basis of politics. If international agreement can be reached on economics, there should be no difficulty in reaching agreement in the political field. Thus world unity will evolve, not on theoretical grounds, but as a functional development, in response to the need for carrying through a scheme which will bring inestimable benefits, in the form of the promotion of human welfare, and agricultural, industrial and commercial prosperity.

Science has given mankind a vision of a better future for the world. The real issue of the present struggle is whether the light of knowledge will be used in accordance with the declarations of the leaders of the United Nations to take the first step towards the better future, or whether, in accordance with the Nazi philosophy, the powers of science will be used to drive the masses deeper into the abyss of ignorance and poverty. Those using science for this end stand condemned as the enemies of mankind, and their condemnation is 'that light has come into the world'; and they 'love the darkness rather than the light because their deeds are evil.'

The fight for the better world will not end when the forces of the United Nations occupy Berlin and Tokyo, for there are those, even in the freedom-loving democracies, who think that the economic freedom of the common people is a threat to their privileged position. Some of these will actively oppose the fulfilment of the promises made to the people. Others will offer passive resistance. All kinds of arguments will be put forward, and indeed are already being put forward, to discourage the enthusiasm of those who believe that the better world is within our reach. The greatest service which those who love their fellow men can render in this phase of the struggle is to give the masses a vision of the kind of society which science can build, and imbue them with the courage to overcome every obstacle in the march towards the fuller life which is the gift of science to mankind.

Previous articles in this series:

1942, *January, 'The Revolution in Literature' by Kathleen Raine; February, 'The Helter-Skelter Universe' by J. G. Crowther; April, 'Exploring the Unseeable' by J. G. Crowther; May, 'The New Politics' by Dr. F. Borkenau; July, 'Democratic Planning and the New Science of Society' by Dr. Karl Mannheim; August, 'The Future of Sociology' by Lewis Mumford; October, 'The Revolution in Education' by Dr. C. D. Darlington, F.R.S.; December, 'The Revolution in Economics' by Thomas Balogh*

1943, *January, 'This Shrinking World' by W. P. Hildred, C.B., O.B.E., M.A.; February, 'Music in the Twentieth Century' by Eric Blom; March, 'Evolution in Management' by George Dickson; April, 'Changes in Philosophy' by John MacMurray; May, 'The Philosophy of Change' by Herbert Read; June, 'Revolution in the Family' by Constance M. Hildred, M.B. Ch.B.; July, 'The Revolution in Town Planning; Domesday Up to Date' by Max Lock, A.R.I.B.A., A.M.T.P.I.; August, 'Films—Today and Tomorrow' by Basil Wright; September, 'Outline of a Plan' by Thomas Balogh; October, 'Religion in Transformation' by John MacMurray; November, 'The Revolution in Environment' by E. A. Gutkind*

1944, *January, 'Map into Globe' by Professor E. G. R. Taylor; February, 'The Zest of Life' by André L. Simon; March, 'Three Big Changes in Education' by J. H. Newsom, M.A.; April, 'Science and the Rising Generation' by David S. Evans; May, 'Birth of a Nation' by C. H. Waddington, Sc.D.*

In Book form: *'This Changing World' (January 1942 to October 1943), edited by Marcus Brumwell, published by Routledge, 12s. 6d.*

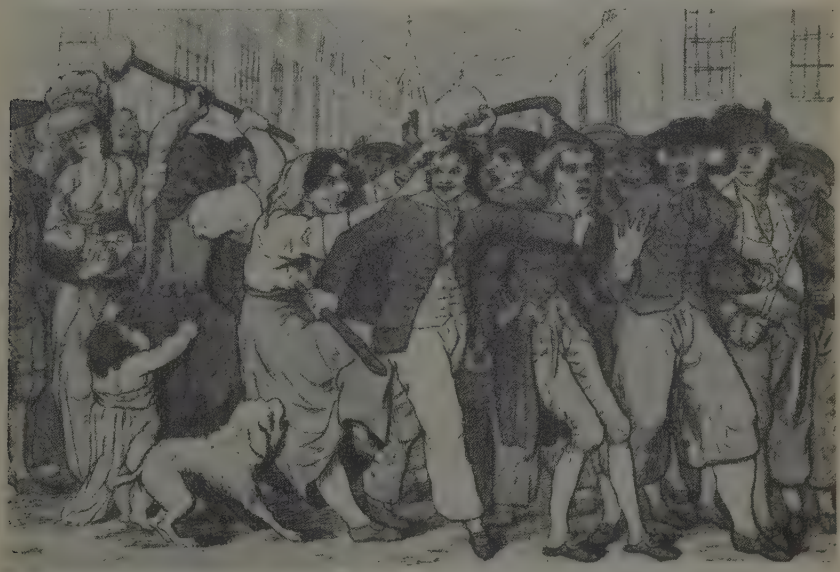
HEARTS OF OAK!

LORD WINSTER

MESSRS. COLLINS having selected a Bishop to write on British Seamen in this Series (*see footnote at end of article*), it now only remains for them to commission an Admiral to write on British Popes. Not but what the Bishop has done an admirable job. He has written a most interesting epitome of the history of the Royal Navy; but he introduces us only to the officers, and tells us next to nothing of the seamen, who are not the least interesting of a ship's inmates. He shows us high life in the wardroom and the Admiral's quarters, but hardly allows us a glimpse at the lower deck.

What little we are told whets the appetite for more. I will endeavour to amplify the Bishop's story. About 1672, 'discipline was still rudimentary, and women were not driven from the ships until the real voyage began. A description of the commissioning of the *Assistance* shows the young women of the town singing "loth to depart" in punch and brandy.' The legend below a cartoon in my possession of 'A Scene on the Main Deck' of a three-decker in harbour says: 'In the middle group are two Seamen and their Girls dancing a Reel; the Fiddler, supposed to be the Ship's Cook, is evidently groggy: the principal Male Figure who sets to his Partner has had more than his usual allowance of Grog and is reeling towards her. To the right is seen a Fair Damsel descending a ladder, and is received into the arms of her Admirer. The group near the quarter deck ladder represents an affray between two females who are jealous of each other, to the no small delight of the surrounding Seamen.'

A young chaplain, who went to sea in the eighteenth century, wrote in his journal of 'multitudes of women' being on board in harbour, 'some quartered with the midshipmen . . . the rest with the common men.' He says that this arrangement was regarded as 'a necessary evil', and adds, mournfully: 'To the interests of the Naval Service this license may be necessary, but it was productive of considerable embarrassment to me in my situation on board, my office, and the serious character which is expected in



'Liberty of the Subject' 1800

a Chaplain, not permitting me to approve what I was forced to witness.'

Although reference is often made in fiction to women being on board ships at sea, there is little reliable evidence on this point, other than the returns of courts martial, which indicate that the practice was not unknown. There certainly was a regulation against women going to sea. But captains were no doubt allowed to use some discretion in this respect, and at times gave permission to a few responsible members of the ship's company to take their wives to sea, provided it was felt they would be useful and could be trusted to behave themselves. If there was no trouble the captain's action would be winked at. If trouble arose he would be held responsible. Nelson's private papers contain a letter from the wife of a Petty Officer who was on board one of the ships taking part in the Battle of the Nile. Her husband had been killed in action, and she had remained on board to nurse the wounded.

There is no need to deny that the sailor has always had an eye for a lass. Bryant writes of the longed-for return to harbour 'when Susan's bright eyes promised her Tom Tough his long-awaited reward.' The men would sing of

'. . . London city
Blow, my bully boys, blow!
And see the girls dressed all so pretty
Blow! boys, blow!'

What all this generally worked out to was a night, or perhaps two, ashore after months, perhaps years, at sea and then back on board again, fleeced and penniless. This amiable weakness of sailors is admirably illustrated by a conversation between two of them while waiting for the Battle of the Nile to begin. They were discussing the prize money which might accrue. One of them hoped they would 'touch enough' to get some new uniform for Sundays, and, said the other, for 'a damned good cruise among the girls besides'. The girls seem to have reciprocated these manly sentiments, if we may judge by a song sung by the ladies of the back streets of Portsmouth when they sighted a redcoat:

'Sailors they get all the money,
Soldiers they get none but brass;
I do love a jolly sailor,
Soldiers they may kiss . . .
Oh! my little rolling sailor,
Oh! my little rolling he;
I do love a jolly sailor,
Soldiers may be damned for me!'

It was not only the ladies who loved the sailor in the eighteenth century. He held a peculiar place then, as he does now, in the affections of his country which is expressed in Dibdin's songs. The foretopmen in a smart ship were the epitome of the nation's pride in the Navy. Let us hope this affection was some consolation to him for what he endured from the Admiralty and, all too often, from his own officers. His reward at the end of hostilities was to be discharged by a thankless Government. He was worse paid than the Merchant Navy, atrociously fed, and given but little leave. In most cases he was not a volunteer, but a victim of the infamous press-gang system. Shanghaied aboard a man-of-war in this manner, he found himself all too often in a hell afloat, subjected to a harsh and cruel discipline which depended upon flogging. The whole story can be read in the pages of Smollett.

Under the date 1704 we hear that there was then no seamen's uniform, but the Admiralty had fixed prices at which clothing might be sold to them. This included grey jackets garnished with brass buttons, waistcoats of Welsh red and red shag trousers, grey stockings and brass-buckled shoes. Boscawen (died 1761) makes a fleeting appearance as a friend of the seamen, inasmuch as he looked after their diet, which his brother admirals must have thought an eccentric fad. This humanitarianism received a check with the advent of George III, when discipline became 'more taut and punishment much more severe than in the previous century'. And then a sinister and sadistic note: 'flogging was invested with more ceremony.' Admiral Lord Howe did not follow the fashion. After an action he made it a practice 'to go below and talk to every wounded man, and constantly ordering his live stock and wines to be applied to their use.' Captain Cook was another who believed seamen could safely be treated as human beings. He looked after their health, and checked scurvy amongst them by the use of lime juice and lemons. But in many a small sloop and frigate under captains of ungovernable temper there was misery and to spare, leading to more than one mutiny. Collingwood said 'in certain ships the officers beat the men into insubordination.' Nelson's 'care for his men was unsurpassed. He was loyal to the core to his subordinates.' He had his reward. During the mutinies of 1797 a paper was dropped on the quarter-deck of Nelson's flagship which said, 'Success attend Admiral Nelson! God bless Captain Miller! We are happy and comfortable and will shed every drop of blood in our veins to support them.' After Trafalgar, a seaman in Admiral Collingwood's flagship wrote home, 'Our dear Admiral Nelson is killed. So we have paid pretty sharply

'Sailors Carousing' 1820

for licking 'em. God bless you, chaps that fought like devils sit down and cry like a wench.' A cartoon of the period which hangs on my walls shows a very dejected Jack coming ashore at Portsmouth after Trafalgar, met by his weeping Poll, who says, 'Welcome, but you have not brought the brave Lord Nelson with you. I hope he is in Heaven.' 'In Heaven!' says Jack, 'aye to be sure he is, Poll. What in Hell should prevent him?'

Bishop Mathew has not included amongst his illustrations any which depict the seaman of the eighteenth century. There are many admirable cartoons which bring alive a passage in Bryant about "the fine manly faces, the earnest gaze, the careless attitudes . . . symbols of rugged-headed courage, manly devotion and simple-hearted patriotism. They were children—generous, suspicious, forgiving, with the fortitude and patience of men.' Such were the men who, waiting in darkness on the lower deck of the 'Brunswick' for the order to open fire on the Glorious First of June, were, in the words of their lieutenant, 'all as happy as princes, singing Rule Britannia.' Another side of their characters is revealed by the impression made on the minds of French prisoners after the Battle of the Nile by the demeanour at a religious service in the flagship of the seamen who had fought like demons. Deep-rooted manliness was their prime characteristic. Yet nothing is more noticeable in the make-up of these men than the characteristic mentioned by Bryant—that they were children. Over and over again we find them referring to their officers as their fathers. A petition sent to the Admiralty by a ship's company suffering severe oppression said 'the ill usage we have on board this ship forced us to fly to your Lordships the same as a child to its father.'

Nelson's discipline rested upon humanity; and again and again we read how his sailors truly looked upon him as their father, so that he could make no call to which they would not respond.

In 1797, when mutiny broke out at Spithead, the men petitioned their Admiral, Bridport, as 'Father of the Fleet'. The mutiny spread to the ships of Admiral Adam Duncan at Yarmouth. We read in Bryant that Duncan 'rated his men like a father', and 'the affair ended—for they adored the old man—in their promising to go to any part of the world with him.' In another ship Duncan asked if any man disputed his authority. One man said 'Yes', whereupon the giant Duncan held him over the side of the ship, and asked the ship's company to look at the man

who wanted to relieve him of command of the Fleet. The affair broke up in laughter.

The mutiny at Spithead was one of the strangest episodes in the seaman's history. The lower-deck petition to the Admiralty did not ask for much: that the purser should no longer steal two ounces out of every pound of rations; that wounded men should be paid until discharged; that leave should be more generously given. It concluded by declaring that men who were defending their country only asked for 'those sweets of liberty on shore when in harbour'. These were men who were systematically robbed by their pursers, paid as they had been in the reign of Charles II, fed on foul meat, on biscuits full of weevils, on cheese full of worms, at the mercy of incompetent surgeons if wounded, subjected to penal discipline. Yet they said that, even if denied their requests, they would never allow the Crown to be endangered by a foreign Power. A mutineer at the Nore is quoted by Bryant as writing to the Admiralty in similar strain, 'Dam my eyes if I understand your lingo or long Proclamations, but in short give us our Due at Once and no more at it, till we go in search of the Rascals, the Eneymes of our Country.'

The mutiny was settled by Admiral Lord Howe, who said of the men that they had 'the most suspicious but most generous minds'. He rowed round the Fleet for twelve hours amid wild enthusiasm, and was then carried home on the shoulders of the sailors. Captain Boger, who on a roasting day was drawn round Plymouth in a carriage amid similar scenes, asked for some water. The sailors said he could have any sort of grog, but they wouldn't let him have water!

Trafalgar was won in 1815, and soon after came a sad setback for the seamen. In 1823 the half-pint of rum per man, 'served at dinner time to the tune of "Nancy Dawson", was reduced to a quarter of a pint.'

Under date 1830, Bishop Mathew says, 'the gulf between the officers and the seamen was at its widest.' Nevertheless, the days of the press-gang were over; recruits came mainly from the seaport towns, and from the fishing villages between the Wash and Bristol. In 1853 'Sir Fleetwood Pelly provoked a mutiny in the "Winchester" through his refusal of leave . . . occasioned by the character of the liquor sold in Hong Kong.' The year 1855 saw the introduction of the beard, which became very popular and led on to side whiskers. The old punishments were passing away, but recruiting became difficult.

As late as 1901, training and discipline were still harsh, judged by the standards of 1943. A boy joining the Navy found himself on board the St. Vincent at Portsmouth leading a hard life. The day began at 5 a.m. Dinner was the only satisfying meal of the day. Every morning they went over the masthead, and the last six boys were put in the report and given a caning. Petty Officers armed with rope's ends followed the boys up the rigging. When lower deck was cleared the ship's corporals with canes aided alacrity indiscriminately. The weaklings were eliminated. The survivors formed the pith and core of the Navy in the last war.

A great change came over the seamen when Fisher went to the Admiralty, called home our distant ships and squadrons, and massed the Fleet in the Channel and North Sea. Up till then the seaman had had many affinities with his forebear of the eighteenth century. His ship was his home; shore was a place seldom visited and where one got rid of one's money. There was no lack of sweethearts, but not many wives. With regular service in home waters the outlook changed. The sailor began to get married. Now, rows and rows of houses in the dockyard towns are seamen's homes, and good homes too; for a sailor's wife is nearly always a good one, and houseproud at that. The sailor's life now revolves round the word home. Either he has got one, or is intending to establish one as soon as possible. If he has one, practically all his pay is allotted to his wife. He rarely takes up his rum, but collects 'savings' for it instead. Those who so stupidly reduced the sailor's pay in 1931 did not realise the new type of sailor they were dealing with, nor understand that every penny of his pay was nicely allocated between rent, instalment payments on furniture, a sewing machine or a wireless set, and perhaps dancing or music lessons for his children. We have a new type of seaman, abstemious, well-educated, machine and modern minded, keeping himself fit and trained to a hair, immensely self-respecting, a good citizen as well as a good seaman. But he has not altered in fundamentals. The courage and the light-heartedness are still there. He is still generous and forgiving; fortitude and patience are still native to him. A great tribute has recently been paid to the seaman by a great sailor, and it does honour to both alike. In *The Navy and Defence*, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield writes: 'It is good to compare the fine yet imperial material of those days (1906) with the highly educated, self-respecting seaman that has now been developed—to me the finest representatives of our countrymen. Drunkenness is almost unknown among them, and leave breaking is looked down upon. As your men change,

'Black-Eye'd Susan'

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
  The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eye'd Susan came on board;
  'Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among your crew?'

William was high upon the yard,
  Rocked by the billows to and fro,
Soon as the well-known voice he heard,
  He sigh'd and cast his eyes below;
The cord flies swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

so must your methods of handling them. The modern seaman may be more critical of those who command him but, well handled, you can get more out of him because he has more to give. To live a sailor's life is hard and trying. He has none of the comforts known to the civilian, or indeed, to the other fighting services. He must cope with the weather and emergencies which happen only on the seas. He sits at meals on a hard wooden form at the wooden mess table . . . privacy is at a discount. No individual could live a contented life under the White Ensign unless he was trained to it from boyhood, and had the spirit of comradeship and unselfish service impressed upon him in his 'teens. His life is strange and peculiar, but he knows that thousands of his race have led it before him, and anyhow he is doing what must be done if England is to live. He is following a racial instinct. The sailor is, therefore, a special brand, simple, good-tempered, because ill-temper in a ship does not pay, cheerful and optimistic because he must so often live on hope.'

No more just or generous tribute has ever been paid to the British seaman.

A word must be said about the seamen of the Merchant Navy. A writer has given us a glimpse of the crews of the West Indiamen in 1830, upon whose labours depended so much of our wealth. Wonderful seamen, leading incredibly tough lives, completely fearless, ready to tackle anyone or anything. But even they were eclipsed in the 1860's by the primest and most audacious seamen we have ever seen who manned the tea clippers, the most beautiful ships the sea has ever floated, whose names 'Taeping', 'Ariel', 'Serapis', 'Cutty Sark', 'Lightning', are still sweet music in a sailor's ear. It is all to be found in Masefield's 'Ships':

'That nobleness and grandeur, all that beauty
  Born of a manly life and bitter duty.'

And again:

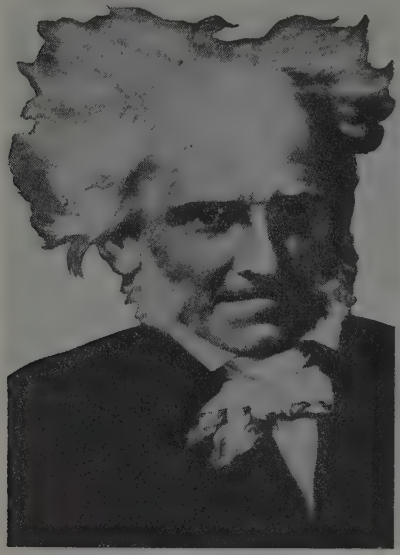
'. . . . . the keen
  Eye puckered, hard case seamen, silent, lean.'

The breed is not extinct, and never will be in this island. It is they who have pulled us through against the U-boat, the most dangerous enemy we have ever had to face. Good luck to them everywhere. And on the day of final victory, the first toast many of us will drink will be 'British Seamen!'

British Seamen, by Bishop David Mathew. *Collins* ('Britain in Pictures' Series). 4s. 6d.

PIONEERS OF THE MIND

H. J. JACOBY



The fantastic face of SCHOPENHAUER *(1788–1860). He was often very depressed*

YESTERDAY'S startling discovery is today's commonplace.

When the three great pioneers of the mind—Freud, Adler, Jung—first formulated their psychological findings, their conceptions appeared very strange indeed to both the medical specialists and the general public. Their bold and disquieting notions constituted a singular challenge to traditional thought, a grave threat to venerable traditional values and age-old taboos. Hence their findings were first disbelieved and reasoned away, hotly disputed and ridiculed.

However, they had survival value. In spite of the violent opposition they encountered, they conquered modern consciousness, which was ready for them. First considered as mere symptoms of the vexing problems of the time, they gradually became indispensable means of interpreting those problems, and enabled modern man to rise to a higher level of consciousness and spiritual differentiation.

The universal change of attitude, from violent rejection of the revolutionary psychological findings to their ready adoption and integration has taken place in a surprisingly short space of time. Within a few decades, the three pioneers of the mind have attained the dignity of classics, and their conceptions have percolated every domain of modern life and thought. Not only have many psycho-analytical conceptions been absorbed by medical and educational textbooks. They have even gained a great measure of popularity. They have been introduced to the modern novel, the stage, the screen. Yet there is a still more immediate and unquestionable proof of their popularity: that is, the fact that our everyday language, this subtle gauge of popularity, has absorbed an endless number of their newly-coined terms. Such terms as 'inferiority feelings', 'power-complex', 'introvert', 'extravert', 'repression', 'mother-fixation', and scores of others, once considered to be strange and revolting, have become familiar to everyone.

Psychology, as a scientific discipline, existed long before the three great pioneers took the stage. But it never gained a popularity comparable to the vogue it has in our day. What is the explanation for this rapid spread and popularity of the new, complex, and by no means 'cheap' psychological conceptions? What have those men discovered that so rapidly caught the imagination of modern man?

Their discovery, which has proved to be an outstanding contribution to modern thought is, put in a nutshell, this: mind is more than its conscious contents; it comprises *unconscious* as well as *conscious* functions, which interact. The discovery of the unconscious in man, the discovery that the unconscious in man is a 'world-power' to be reckoned with, that is, in essence, their contribution to modern consciousness which put a new face upon psychological research proper, gave a new impetus to sociological, historical, ethnological and other researches, and rendered a revaluation of many moral, æsthetical and spiritual values necessary.

No age before the twentieth century has made the unconscious the object of serious research. The science of psychology, once a branch of philosophy, or metaphysics, developed in the course of the last century into a study of man's sense-faculties, and finally of consciousness and its function. Mind and consciousness came to be considered as synonyms; and the existence of unconscious activity was either conveniently

overlooked or, if unnoticed, reasoned away. The scientific study of the unconscious as the basic substance of man's mind, free from metaphysical preconceptions and exclusively based on empirical and scientifically verifiable observations, was therefore a startling departure from the traditional schools of thought in psychology.

However, this only goes to show the tremendous impact of the new psycho-analytical findings on the science of psychology proper. We must look farther afield in order to understand why the discovery of the unconscious came to have a universal appeal.

Freud, Adler and Jung began to postulate their conceptions in an age that was still succumbing to the ideology of materialism and empiricism, characteristic of the second half of the nineteenth century. Modern Western man was still fascinated by the idea of an omnipotent reason, and by the insight gained into the world of palpable matter. He tended to become oblivious of the existence (let alone power) of the actual, though invisible, roots of his reason. That is the *unconscious* as a part of the world of his mind. His achievements constituted a long series of triumphs for scientific rationalism, the power and mastery of modern rational man over the material world.

Yet, notwithstanding these triumphs, in the beginning of this century a change of consciousness set in. Modern man has learnt to feel less inflated by his victories over the material world, less proud of his rational power than he did in the past. Profound scepsis and doubts have replaced his former feeling of 'God-almightiness'. He has, in the course of a few decades, experienced catastrophies and disasters of a magnitude and multitude, eclipsing his achievements and perplexing his reason. In a world of plenty, he has witnessed want and insecurity. In an age of apparent progress and enlightenment, he has witnessed world war of prodigious horror, which no one consciously wanted. In an age of apparently prevailing reason and common sense, he has lived through mental epidemics, a contagious susceptibility of the most rational people to the most irrational political, racial, economic and social ideas, prejudices and superstitions. Realising that our civilised world is man-made, derived from human beings and their mental condition, modern man began to take an increasing interest in the functioning of his own mind. Shaken in his belief in his rational power, and asking himself whether everything was well with his mind, he turned to modern psychology as a source of information. He wanted to know what made him fall a prey to mental epidemics,

FYODAR MIKHAILOVICH DOSTOEVSKI, *Russian social novelist and early psychologist. Suffered himself from psychic trouble*

and was responsible for a host of similar profoundly disturbing problems, which he could not help tracing to his own mind.

The traditional schools of psychology could not give him any guidance, being, as it were, still deeply immersed in the study of isolated sense faculties, problems of 'mental chemistry' and the like, remote from the problems and needs of the present. But the psycho-analytical schools, evolved from the closest contact with the ills of individuals, which, as an immense summation, constitute the problems and ills of the time, were in a position to point to hidden aspects of the human psyche as a source of many of these problems. In so doing, they fulfilled a need—the need to add to man's knowledge of, and mastery over, the material world a thorough knowledge of the working of his world within his own mind. This need accounts for the universal interest aroused by the discoveries of Freud, and his two eminent disciples, Adler and Jung.

A brief outline of the respective findings and conceptions of the three great pioneers will, in spite of its inadequacy, suffice to give an idea of the wealth of insight yielded by their research.

Freud, the founder of the Viennese School of Psycho-Analysis, which has grown into a world-wide movement, defined his psycho-analysis as the 'science of unconscious mental processes'.

NIETZSCHE *(1844–1900) had a certain valuable manliness in in his philosophy. But was largely the precursor of Nazi ideas*

He maintained that the unconscious is largely constituted by repressions of activities of the sexual and other instincts. He held dreams to be manifestations of unconscious activity, and was the first to give a scientific account of the nature of dreams, and to devise rules for their interpretation. He maintained that man's mind is not only constituted by his Ego, but also the 'Id', the seat of instinctive urges, governed by the principle of seeking pleasure and avoiding pain, and the 'Super-Ego', a censorship function.

Adler, the founder of the Viennese School of Individual Psychology, investigated the relations between man's 'will to power' (personal ambition) and his 'will to community' (sociability). He found that the more 'inflated', 'god-like' the individual behaves, the deeper will be his hidden feeling of inadequacy. Or, put differently, the stronger an individual's feeling of inferiority and insecurity, the more will he seek compensation for it in unattainable goals. In contradistinction to Freud, he held that the deciding factor in the life of the individual is not what the individual arises from (early childhood experiences), but what he sets out after in life, his purposes and goals. While Freud's approach to psychological processes is *causal*, Adler's and Jung's is *final*.

Jung, the founder of the Zurich School of Analytical Psychology, held that two principal types of individuals exist. They are *introverts*, primarily interested in inner experiences, and *extraverts*, primarily interested in the world of objects. He found that man's mind uses four means of orientation: thinking, feeling, sensation and intuition, which are to a varying degree differentiated by different individuals. He distinguished between a personal unconscious and a 'collective unconscious', after discovering that some themes in dreams of modern individuals are not of personal contents, but of a universal, 'archetypal' kind, to be found in myths, tribal lore, folk lore and fairy tales of peoples of all times. He held that the unconscious is immeasurably older and hence a richer store of wisdom than reason. He reconciled psychology with religion.

Discoveries as profound and far-reaching as those postulated by the three great psychologists of our time do not suddenly fall from heaven. Much rather do they represent the culmination of a long chain of attempts leading up to them. Great discoveries can almost be expected to be rediscoveries. For great truths that exert a formative influence on man's consciousness do not originate in one's mind only. Emerging from a need for a new and higher level of human consciousness, they arise in many brains, and become manifest in many guises and shapes until they finally appear in a universally valid form (and in an age ready for their integration).

Who, then, were those men who anticipated the discovery of the unconscious, and unknowingly paved the way for Freud, Adler and Jung? Which thinkers and explorers of the human psyche have directly, or indirectly, stimulated and influenced their thought?

Their names will not be found among the representatives of the traditional psychological schools of the last 100 years. We must look to outsiders, not to the professional students of the mind.

While the study of mind as taught 100 years ago was still couched in mediæval philosophical terms, and solely concerned with conscious faculties, a man, possessed of an original and prolific mind and considerable theoretical and practical psychological insight published in 1846 a book under the title *Psyche* It opened with the prophetic sentence: '*The key to the understanding of the conscious mind lies in the region of the unconscious.*' (The italics are his.)

With this pregnant sentence, the author proved to be half a century ahead of his time, clearly pointing the direction which psychology would eventually have to follow, and which it has, since

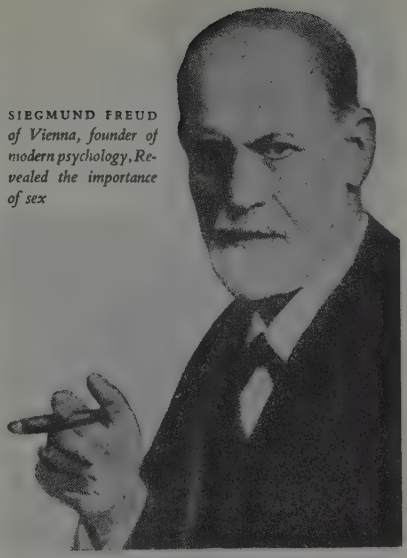
Freud, actually followed. He must be given the credit of having initiated a trend of thought that had led up to Freud's discovery.

Who was this great pioneer of the mind? His name was C. G. Carus. He was, like Freud, a physician and scientist by profession, and a distinguished author of his time. His *œuvre* consists of some eighty volumes, on subjects ranging from one of the finest interpretations of Goethe's *Weltanschauung* to a textbook of craniology. He will, however, be remembered as the author of *Psyche* and of *Symbolism of the Human Gestalt* (the latter incidentally anticipating and stimulating another trend of modern psychology).

In *Psyche* he postulated that in man's unconscious images a wisdom inheres which works purposefully, and is capable of solving what lies beyond the tether of his reason and rational thinking. His conceptions have a direct bearing upon Jung's work. And both Carus and Jung meet in the adherence to the principle of entelechy for the interpretation of unconscious processes.

While the school psychologists of his day did not take any notice of the views put forward in his *Psyche*, the book was widely read and discussed. It became a modest 'best-seller', and it exerted a considerable influence on contemporary thought. Dostoevski (another precursor of the three great psychologists of our time) was so greatly fascinated by Carus' *Psyche*, which (as

IBSEN (*1828–1906*) *the creator of the modern theatre. Horrified Victorians by his naturalistic plays*

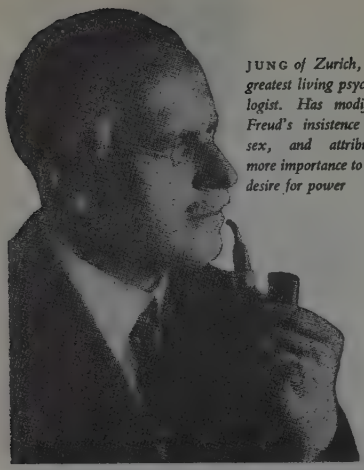


SIEGMUND FREUD *of Vienna, founder of modern psychology, Revealed the importance of sex*

Ernest J. Simmons pointed out in his *Dostoevski*) anticipated a number of his own findings, that he even intended to translate it into Russian.

Contemporaneously with Carus, another thinker showed himself to be fully alive to problems of the mind which were, in our time, to become the foremost concern of psychology—Schopenhauer, erroneously called 'the philosopher of pessimism'. In his *Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, he anticipated, as it were, the discovery of unconscious activity, and attempted to define its function and relation to consciousness. If we substitute for a few technical terms used by him those modern psychological conceptions which stand for the same terms and sound more familiar to our ears, we shall notice to our surprise that Schopenhauer reads like a 'modern'. In virtually modern fashion he contrasted the 'dead and sterile vehicle' of rational thought with the power of 'alive and pregnant ideas'. What he designated as ideas is nothing but what Jung termed symbols, primordial images or archetypes of the unconscious. Although using different terms, both describe the same basic substance of the mind. Jung mentions the debt he owes to both Carus and Schopenhauer.

However, another work of Schopenhauer's is of still closer bearing upon findings of Adler, as well as Jung, and will secure him a niche in the history of psychology: his *Aphorisms*. His masterly psychological discrimination between what an individual is, has, and represents to his



JUNG *of Zurich, the greatest living psychologist. Has modified Freud's insistence on sex, and attributes more importance to the desire for power*

fellow-men, is teeming with acute observations and poignant interpretations of individual and social-group behaviour patterns, which bear out the close kinship in spirit between Schopenhauer, Adler and Jung. Many of Jung's brilliant findings concerning the individual's adaptation to the social group by means of a *persona*, a mask, the identification of an individual with his social position, class, possessions, etc., will already be found in Schopenhauer's *Aphorisms*. Hardly to a lesser extent did his shrewd and penetrating psychological analysis anticipate Adler's observations, e.g. those regarding psychological inflation, and the rôle which a person assumes within the social group. Even some of Adler's salient findings on the social and delinquent character are foreshadowed in the *Aphorisms*.

However, the crown of having been the initiators of the era of modern psychology and, in a wider sense, of modern consciousness, is not due to either Carus or Schopenhauer. It belongs to two men of genius, who became the greatest explorers of the unconscious in the last century, and whose profound psychological findings are confirmed, but not surpassed, by the two modern psychologists—Nietzsche and Dostoevski. They are both the immediate precursors and the teachers of modern psychology.

Psychology as represented by Freud, Adler and Jung is unimaginable without Nietzsche's pioneer work, culminating in his *Zarathustra*. He destroyed and tore to pieces, as did Freud, the false and hypocritical values of his time. He first postulated Adler's conception of the individual's 'will to power'. He still more inspired Jung's work—particularly his scale of values and religious conceptions. In fact, so much was Jung fascinated by the spiritual problem Nietzsche presented to modern man that he devoted to the study and interpretation of *Zarathustra* a seminar which ran to some ten volumes and contains some pearls of psychological vision, provoked and inspired by Nietzsche's genius.

Equally great is the debt which modern psychology, particularly Freud and Adler, owe to Dostoevski. In his *Theory of Individual Psychology*, Adler gave voice to this indebtedness when saying, 'anyone who has felt to what degree Dostoevski has recognised the tendency to despotism implanted in the human soul, will admit that Dostoevski must be regarded as our teacher even today, as the teacher Nietzsche hailed him to be. His understanding, and his discussion, of the dream have not been superseded even today; and his idea that no one acts or thinks without a goal or a final climax, coincides with the most modern results of students of the psyche.'

Both Nietzsche and Dostoevski experimented upon the human soul with that uncanny insight which is not attained in the laboratories of psychological institutes, but only springs from a relentless and passionate introspection. They were both subject and object of their experiment. Grappling with the problem of their own integration, they experienced psychology as a *tremendum*, a matter of life and death. In their quest for the meaning of life, they had to live their own hypothesis. Psychology meant a real experience to them to be faced, lived and suffered. And it was this ruthless self-analysis that turned them (in a time overwhelmed by the wave of materialism) into true prophets of the unconscious, and re-discoverers of the life of the spirit. It gave them an unrivalled insight into those realms of the soul where conscious mind and unconscious, the rational and the irrational converge. It gave to modern psychology, and modern consciousness, a tremendous upsurge—and a tremendous legacy.

Many have followed in their footsteps—playwrights, novelists and painters, who have all attempted to show the impact of unconscious processes upon man's conscious mind. Ibsen, Proust, D. H. Lawrence, Picasso, Klee, Joyce, and a host of other moderns, became both seekers and explorers of the mind. Nietzsche and Dostoevski, however, stand out among them as the great interpreters of the unconscious, and as the great teachers of the three pioneers of the mind in our time, whose work redeems some of the obligations modern consciousness owes them.

'OXFORD LASTS YOU A MONTH'

SIDELIGHT ON THE EDUCATION CONTROVERSY

J. D. U. WARD

In the crowded Reading tea-room the tables were placed so close that we inevitably overheard the conversation of our neighbours, an aircraftman and a WAAF. Said the man, 'You'll find this place pretty dull: Reading is done in a week. Before I was sent here I was at Oxford. That was a bit better. Oxford lasts you a month!'

A few days earlier, walking up St. Aldate's from Christ Church to Carfax, I had been stopped by an American soldier. 'Say, lad,' he inquired, 'what town is this?' Having collected my thoughts I replied, 'Er, this is Oxford.' The news evoked an 'Ugh' and a look of such disgust that I thought to console the poor man with the words, 'There is no other place like it,' but abstained. Ten minutes later, noticing the same man walking on the other side of the street, I looked more carefully and saw that he was only just sober enough to avoid collisions.

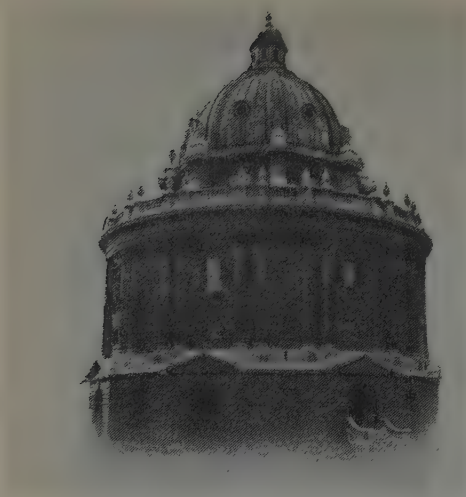
Of course, one incident of this kind now ranks as a joke with national currency. Two Americans had read something about Lord Nuffield's factories without grasping Cowley's exact location. When they walked down the High at Oxford their surprise found words: 'So this is England's Detroit!'

There being, especially in wartime, so many respects in which this country is far below American levels—hospitality and friendliness, food and drink, clothes and climate—it is the more deplorable that our 'strong points' should be a *terra incognita*: Oxford and Cambridge, the Hospital of St. Cross at Winchester, and the Close at Salisbury, Wells and Chichester, Lyme Regis and Rye, Lavenham and Ludlow. . . .

In spectacular busyness and thrusting industry we may not compete with America. At a street corner of one of England's growing provincial towns a proud citizen asked an American soldier what he thought of our town. The visitor looked mournfully at the crawling cars, buses and lorries, and then conceded, through his chewing gum, that he had 'never before been in a cemetery that had traffic lights.' Again, though many of our villages and some of our more garden-like countryside appeal to guests from overseas, we should beware of recommending or praising what we consider our grander scenery. Too few stay-at-home islanders have any conception of the magnificence and variety of North American prospects—of the Maine woods in their autumnal glory, of lakes and rivers, of the Grand Canyon, or the foothills of the Rockies. Only the other day there was reported the story of an American who had been shown, by the ingenuity of an English friend, about as much as was possible in forty-eight hours of the Lake District. When asked for his impressions, he said it would make a wonderful golf course. But it was a Cumbrian native who once declared that he could not understand why people thought so much of the Lakes, for there was 'nothing to see but hills and wood and watter.'

Indeed, in these matters not only Americans and troops from the Dominions and Colonies, but hundreds of thousands of our own people (such as the aircraftman first mentioned) are concerned. Doubtless there are innumerable Englishmen stationed at such places as St. Just-in-Roseland, Mullion, Kynance and Cadgeworth, Lamorna and St. Levin, who feel their situation to be miserable! If a man has lived all his life near Aldgate East and thinks that Southend is heaven, he is not likely to appreciate twelve months at Tintagel or Hartland. A few weeks ago I heard of a station in the Hebrides whence a certain proportion of men had constantly to be moved because the loneliness so 'got them down' that the M.O. feared some kind of insanity. Yet how many country-born naturalists there must be who would vastly prefer to be there, in the lonely Hebrides, rather than in their present quarters at such places as Ascot or Reading!

A moment's reflection will show that many of these misplacements—if the term may be used—are inevitable with things as they are. But the sharper tragedy illustrated by Oxford seems to fall into a slightly different category, and to be so much the more sad. Here, in one place, are so many different good things which, even when judged by the highest world-standards, are first class. Architecture, music—especially choral music—great libraries, even gardens. Since it is to little-educated sons of the soil that Oxford's civilisation might appeal least, I should like to mention two or three of the many gardens, chiefly by quotation, at greater length. Oxford has England's oldest botanic garden; and there is



the garden of Worcester College with its ancient Benedictine associations. There is New College Garden, of which Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote:

'These gardens of New College are indescribably beautiful—not gardens in our American sense, but lawns of the richest green and softest velvet grass, shadowed over by ancient trees that have lived a quiet life here for centuries, and have been nursed and tended with such care and so sheltered from rude winds, that certainly they must be the happiest of all trees. Such a sweet, quietly, stately seclusion—so age-long as this has been, and, I hope, will continue to be—cannot exist anywhere else.

'We concluded the rambles of the day by visiting St. John's College, and I desire, if possible, to say even more in admiration of them than of those of New College—such beautiful lawns with tall ancient trees, and heavy clouds of foliage, and sunny glimpses through archways of leafy branches, where, today, we could see parties of girls making cheerful contrast with the sombre walls and solemn shade. The world surely has no other place like Oxford; it is a despair to see such a place and ever to leave it, for it would take a lifetime and more than one, to comprehend and enjoy it satisfactorily.'

St. John's Garden, enriched since Hawthorne's time by a superb rockery, called forth Professor G. M. Trevelyan's historical reminiscence:

'The garden front of St. John's, Oxford, is beautiful to everyone; but for the lover of history its outward charm is blent with the intimate feelings of his own mind, with images of that same college as it was during the great Civil War. Given over to the use of a court whose days of royalty were numbered, its walks and quadrangles were filled, as the end came near, with men and women learning to accept sorrow as their lot through life, the ambitious abandoning hope of power, the wealthy hardening themselves to embrace poverty, those who loved England preparing to sail for foreign shores, and lovers to be parted for ever. There they strolled through the gardens, as the hopeless evenings fell, listening at the end of all, while the siege guns broke the silence with ominous iteration. Behind the cannon on those low hills to the northward were ranked the inexorable men who came to lay hands on all this beauty, hoping to change it to strength and sterner virtue. And this was the curse of the victors, not to die but to live, and almost to lose their awful faith in God when they saw the Restoration, not of the old gaiety that was too gay for them and the old loyalty that was too loyal for them, but of corruption and selfishness that had neither country nor king. The sound of the Roundhead cannon has long ago died away, but still the silence of the garden is heavy with unalterable fate, brooding over besiegers and besieged, in such haste to destroy each other and permit only the vile to survive. St. John's College is not mere stone and mortar, tastefully compiled, but an appropriate and mournful witness between those who see it now and those by whom it was once seen. And so it is, for the reader of history, with every ruined castle and ancient church throughout the wide, mysterious lands of England.'

Professor Trevelyan's reverie, touching on matters of peculiar interest to people of English stock, needs no comment. But would not Nathaniel Hawthorne have written a little differently, could he have foreseen how many of his compatriots would be bored stiff with Oxford in 1943? The shades may well smile sadly—the Benedictine monks and John Baliol, William of Wykeham and Wolsey, Duke Humphrey and Bodley Taverner and Tradescant, Latimer, Ridley and Cranmer, Nicholas and Dorothy Wadham, Charles I and Inigo Jones, Wren and Gibbs, Pusey and Newman. . . . one can only mention a handful of names between the times of Matilda's escape and Jowett's reign—these shades may well smile sadly if they can hear the typical verdict of our time, after two generations of free, popular education: 'Oxford lasts you a month!'

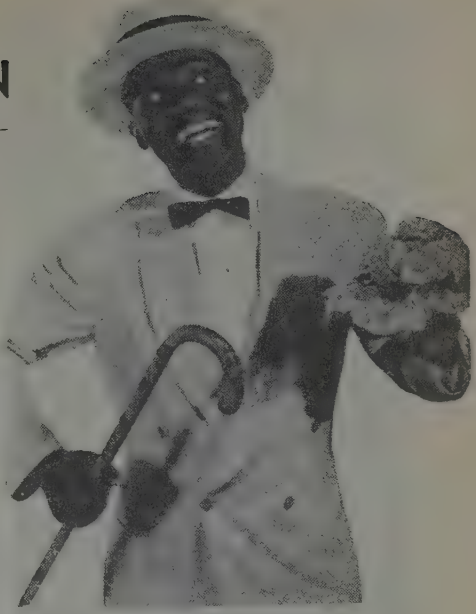
COLOUR BAR ON THE SCREEN

PETER NOBLE

At the present time, when the question of Colour Bar rides high in the public mind, it may be found interesting to examine one aspect of a subject which undoubtedly possesses many complications. How has the negro been portrayed on the screen? And to what extent has this treatment contributed towards the existence of a Colour Bar in America, and (to a far less extent) in this country? The treatment of the negro in the American film, paralleling as it does his treatment in American life, has long been noted for its injustice. For, like much American fiction, the film interprets the negro, his mind, his outlook, his way of life, in a way which is calculated to justify his exploiters. When slavery was abolished, and the negro began to go to school, use his vote, and work in field and factory, the myth of negro inferiority and innate brutality was raised, for his exploiters feared him. Today, the bulk of American output of films and fiction tends to point out those racial characteristics which supposedly indicate negro inferiority and subservience to the white man.

In forcing negro actors and actresses to play almost continually in rôles in which they are depicted as servants and inferiors, Hollywood demonstrates a cynical attitude, which can be summed up in the phrase given to Ned Sparks in the film of Fannie Hurst's novel, *Imitation of Life*. His comment is probably the most insulting ever directed towards a negro on the screen. Referring to Louise Beavers, a kind-hearted negro 'mammy', he says, 'Well, all I can say is, once a pancake, always a pancake!' Negro film characters, in film after film, are shown as models of subservience. Producers ensure that 'they know their place', and few are allowed to demonstrate a lively intelligence at all. In the main they are depicted as grinning puppets, with conversation limited to those quaint inanities with which we are all familiar. From 'Hearts in Dixie' to 'Gone with the Wind' (boycotted in the States by progressive organisations as a protest against its anti-negro bias), the negro position of menial is emphasised.

As a protest, Paul Robeson some time ago announced his intention of appearing only in worthwhile rôles in films, whether made in America, England, France or Soviet Russia. But events have shown that even Robeson, a man with a world-wide reputation and a gifted and distinguished member of his race, has found his declared policy difficult to carry out. For his two subsequent appearances, in the films 'Show Boat' and 'Tales of Manhattan', have done little to enhance his reputation in the world of music and the theatre. Neither have these screen rôles helped to dispel the illusions concerning the religious fervour, superstitious beliefs, and ability to sing their troubles away, with which all coloured peoples are reputedly endowed. In fact, the latter film added considerable substance to those overworked and incorrect assumptions of negro life and philosophy. Coloured actors and actresses would, of course, welcome opportunities to act in films designed to furnish them with a chance to depict real negro characters, as opposed to the stupid, servile types of 'darkies' with which the movies abound. But these opportunities unfortunately just do not exist—even for a Robeson or a Rex Ingram.



The negro, dancing through life. Bill Robinson in Stormy Weather

That many negroes possess considerable and unusual acting ability is obvious to the discerning

filmgoer; but that this talent has not been extensively used by movie-makers is also evident. The meaningless rôles which are given to negro actors are, in themselves, unimportant, and it is only the inspired handling of many small parts which lifts them right into the consciousness of the audience. Such players of the calibre of Clarence Muse, Rex Ingram, Clinton Rosamund, Todd Duncan and Leigh Whipper are always capable of creating flesh-and-blood characters from their thankless screen rôles; while actresses like Louise Beavers, Fredi Washington, Hattie MacDaniels, Theresa Harris, and others, continually manage to make entertaining and meaningful bricks from the straw of uninspired situations and dialogue. Portrayals by Muse and Ingram invariably win the sympathy of an audience in rôles apparently designed to emphasise the inferior position held by the negro in American life. But the brave efforts of these, and other individual actors, is not enough. Of course, huge sums are paid without scruple to famous coloured 'personalities' like Bill Robinson, Cab Calloway, Duke Ellington, Ethel Waters, Louis Armstrong and others. This is done merely in order to exploit their obvious showmanship value, while outstanding coloured actors are consistently neglected, or forced to play comic servants, idiot lift-boys, obsequious valets, and other models of inanity and inferiority.

The negro, as a 'tough guy'. 'Fats' Waller

Very rarely has a worthwhile negro film managed to reach the screen. Some years ago, King Vidor's magnificent 'Hallelujah' was an artistic landmark in the cinematic scheme. This atoned for the earlier and disappointing 'Hearts in Dixie', which presented the conventional picture of the happy, lazy, stupid, good-for-nothing 'nigger', hymn-singing and superstitious, portrayed against a romantically false background of the prosperous South. The interesting film made in New York of O'Neill's 'Emperor Jones', produced by two young rebels from Hollywood, John Krimsky and Gifford Cochran, provided Paul Robeson with an opportunity to display his talents to the full. It presented, for the first time on the screen, a negro in the principal rôle, with a white character as a subsidiary (though the final scene, with its implied message that the attempts of the coloured man to rise to a higher position in life leads inevitably to degradation or death, follows in the 'Jim Crow' tradition). The film was an isolated experiment, however, which, as its reward, was subsequently shunned by the exhibitors. Similarly rewarded by exhibitors' boycott was an all-negro boxing film, 'Spirit of Youth', with Joe Louis and Clarence Muse in the cast. Other cheaply made, independent negro films suffered the same fate. The movie-machine was evidently too powerful to battle against.

More recently, the film of the Marc Connelly play, 'Green Pastures' (though a white author's idea of a 'Nigger Heaven'), spotlighted the histrionic capabilities of the negro, with brilliant performances by Rex Ingram as De Lawd, Eddie Anderson as Noah, and Oscar Polk as Gabriel. Now, with a blare of trumpets, Hollywood presents musicals, 'Cabin in the Sky' and 'Stormy Weather', both with all-negro casts. Other all-coloured musicals are on the way, while many of the ordinary Hollywood super-musicals devote whole sections of film-footage to negro show-items. This merely shows that Hollywood is newly conscious of the box-office appeal possessed by coloured revue and cabaret artists. But to expect a contemporary film to be shown, in which a negro is soft-spoken and cultured, is depicted as a college-boy, lawyer, doctor, officer in the American Army, or even as an ordinary worker treated with sympathy and intelligence, is too much!

'Cabin in the Sky' is distinguished by the brilliant acting of Ethel Waters and Eddie Anderson. But it is indeed significant that when Ethel Waters appears in films with white actors she is just a singing 'mammy'. Similarly, Eddie Anderson is relegated to a 'Rochester'—an

amusing, droll and popular character indeed—but in essence just another 'nigger stooge' in the Stepin Fetchit tradition. Those patently false conceptions of the negro character, as portrayed by Ben Carter, Willie Best, Mantan Moreland and other rolling-eyed coloured actors, are out-dated and unreal, but still feature largely in American films, so that the cultured presence of a Robeson, an Ingram or a Duncan tends to be swamped in the public mind by those other amusing stupidities in the Stepin Fetchit manner. In 'Stormy Weather', the whole of the negro cast is treated as a sort of pantomime bill; they are put through their parts like the animals in a performing circus. The star, Lena Horne, is hailed as a new 'find', only because she is light-skinned enough to pass for a white girl. Were she as black as Hattie MacDaniels she would only be allowed to 'perform', never to act!

Today there are over ten million negro workers in fields, factories and workshops throughout the United States. In the army, thousands of negro soldiers share the same trials and tribulations, enjoy the same jokes, serve the same country as their white brothers. In the Merchant Service, thousands of negro sailors have perished while bringing food to the home front. The present war against Fascism is directed against racial persecution among other things. So it is hardly a good advertisement for the democracies that racial discrimination is a feature of American films. Apart from any other consideration, the propaganda value to the Allied cause of presenting white and coloured actors on the screen on an equal footing would be tremendous.

The colour problem in England is not nearly so acute as it is in the States. Treatment of coloured actors on the British screen has long been marked by intelligence and tolerance. Paul Robeson, for example, has made his best films in this country. In British studios he is treated as an equal. And his rôles in 'Big Fella', 'Song of Freedom', 'Jericho', and others, are of the same importance as those of the white actors with whom he appears. His last British film, 'The Proud Valley', was an excellent example of this progressive treatment. As a Cardiff-born negro he is shown sharing with his Welsh comrades the trials and hardships of a miner's life, against a background of strikes, struggle and hunger marches, with the implied message that united struggle by the workers, no matter what colour or nationality, is the only pathway to a world free from intolerance and Fascism.

Robert Adams, England's leading coloured actor, who has appeared on the West End stage, and at Unity Theatre, has often given fine

The negro, 'apeing the gentleman'. Cab Calloway

The negro, sentimentalised in old age. Clarence Muse

performances in credible and worthy rôles, notably 'Song of Freedom' and 'Midshipman Easy'. For Two Cities, in a new film, 'Threshold', directed by Thorold Dickinson, Adams is appearing, in the leading rôle, as a West African negro who becomes a famous orchestra conductor in England. Other coloured players have received similar treatment in home studios. To argue that this equality is true of social life in Britain, while not being so in the United States, is to grasp the stick from the wrong end. Were British films to depict negro screen characters in the same way as Hollywood does, then in all probability there would be a noticeable change in the normally tolerant attitude of Britishers towards negroes, resulting eventually in a colour problem on our own doorstep. That this latter is quite possible is ably demonstrated by the Constantine incident—and others.

In the field of literature there have been attempts, sometimes satisfactory, to present the negro in a realistic, if not sympathetic, light. It is to such white authors as Mark Twain, Erskine Caldwell, Carl Van Vechten and Paul Green that we are indebted for attempts at truthful presentation of the lives and problems of coloured people. But, as we go to workers to seek the truth about the lives of workers, so we must, in the last analysis, seek the final word on the negro from negro writers, workers and thinkers. Will this ever be attainable in the American film? Will it come about that negro writers, technicians, actors, directors, will form eventually a co-operative film unit for the production of both documentary and fiction films, portraying with truth and insight the lives, hopes and future of the coloured peoples—or, better still, an international film unit, consisting of both white and coloured actors and technicians, working with a common aim? Until something of the sort does occur, we shall have to resign ourselves to seeing talented and distinguished negro actors and actresses attempting, occasionally with success, to infuse life into their puppet rôles. *Get the Colour Bar off the screen! It has as little place there as it has in everyday life!*

The negro diva sex. Lena Horne and Eddie Anderson, in Cabin in the Sky, *recently generally released*

6

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE FALL OF CASIMIR-PERIER

THE most sensational European tribute to the power of Labour in the political sphere was supplied last month by the overthrow of the Casimir-Perier administration because it refused to allow the employees of the State—railway servants for instance—to become members of trades unions. The crisis arose out of a refusal on the part of the railway companies to allow their employees to attend a congress of railwaymen held last month in Paris. The Ministry, instead of condemning the companies, supported them by asserting that the right to join a trades union was properly denied to all who were employed on the State railways. Thereupon the Chamber incontinently revolted and flung out M. Casimir-Perier by a majority of two hundred and sixty-five to two hundred and twenty-five. After the usual game of hide-and-seek, M. Dupuy—a youngster of forty-two—succeeded in forming a Cabinet, composed largely of men under forty. France has one Ministry the more, and the official class has received a lesson in Labour politics which it will not soon forget.

THE ANGLO-BELGIAN AGREEMENT

M. CASIMIR-PERIER was a peaceful, honest, overworked Minister. If he could he would have muzzled his Jingoes; but as they were too strong for him, he had to bark in unison with the Colonial pack. His last act was to protest against the Anglo-Belgian Agreement, by which England made over the Equatorial province of Bahr el Ghazel to the Congo Free State for the lifetime of King Leopold, in return for a lease to us of a strip of territory fifteen miles wide, from the north of Lake Tanganyika to the south of Lake Albert Edward, and a right of way for a telegraph line through the Congo State, from the Zambesi to the Nile. The Bahr el Ghazel is one of the abandoned provinces of the Soudan which I urged King Leopold to take as long ago as 1884. At that time the King would not hear of it, and he was so wroth I was not sorry when the interview came to an end. A good deal has happened since then, and, among other things, the King has changed his mind. A Congo captain is now in command at Lado, and Belgian ambition will not be contented with anything but the right to occupy and administer the whole of the Bahr el Ghazel.

CLOTH-PROOF ARMOUR

IT is possible that the invention of the German journeyman tailor Dowe of an impenetrable breastplate, made apparently of cloth and asbestos, may also tend to postpone the much-dreaded war. Dowe has discovered how to manufacture a material which stops rifle-bullets in a fashion that recalls the stories of the knight of romance who wore enchanted armour. Not only does his cloth-plate stop rifle-bullets fired at it point blank, but the wearer scarcely feels the impact of the shot. If the military authorities decide that their soldiers must be cloth-plated, there will be no war until the men have got their new suits. Even then somebody else may discover something else, and the war may again be put off.

[Labour troubles also in U.S.A. Unemployed followers of Coxey capture a train. W. T. Stead thought U.S.A. was fifty years behind Britain in its treatment of Trade Unions.]

SCIENCE FRONT

NO COWARDS HERE

A RECENT article in the *Lancet* emphasises the importance of the work done by R.A.M.C. doctors in keeping the Army fighting fit, particularly in the matter of morale. We now have a radically different attitude to the man who is upset by the sights and sounds of battle from that of twenty-five years ago. A shaken, exhausted, hysterical soldier, trembling and sweating with apprehension perhaps, is no longer reproved for cowardice or immediately put down as a malingerer when he reports sick; for 'coward', after all, is a term of moral disapproval implying that the individual could be brave if he were stronger-willed and made a greater effort, and 'malingerer' is one stage worse. Now we realise that even if the accusations were true, they are a waste of time, because they do not make a man fit to fight again, so that we must approach the matter differently if we want to get a result. In any case, doctors now believe that a man with hysteria is quite incapable of curing himself merely by exerting his own will-power: he must have medical treatment.

These psychological upsets, the failure of morale, attack all races, units, ranks: they are not a sign of mental deficiency or madness; the Army weeds out the psychologically unstable individuals mostly at entrance and initial training. But morale may drop because training has been hasty and inadequate, or because the equipment is thought poor, or because of insufficient leave, or from noise, or (and this is found to be far and away the most important cause, much more important than the actual strain of battle) because of home worries. The soldier who never gets letters from home, or the man who suspects that his wife back in England is being unfaithful to him—they are going to be the first men to crack.

The Army treats them close to the front line, primarily by rest. On arrival at hospital, they get a friendly welcome, a drink and a reassuring chat; arrangements are made for them to write home or to friends, if they want to; and the doctor tries to give them the impression that they are understood, that they will get a square deal. Then they have a laxative, a sedative, and go to bed, and the following 48 hours are spent only in sleeping, and eating hearty meals. Most men by this time have lost their symptoms and are almost ready to go back to their units. A few need in addition some kind of psycho-analysis, to bring out their repressed troubles and solve them.

The method of analysis favoured is a new quick technique called 'narco-analysis', which is a method of partial anæsthetisation by the intravenous injection of a barbiturate drug, amytal or pentothal. This leaves the patient awake and able to go on talking, but in a semi-hypnotised state, so that he will answer all questions truthfully, as well as he can, without the intervention of the usual personal censorship, and so reveal his fundamental thoughts and attitudes.

This simple treatment has been used extensively in the Middle East and in North Africa, and has been very successful in ending incipient neuroses. The men go back to the front after only six to ten days of medical treatment: they are quite normal, and ready to fight again.

A DANGEROUS SUBJECT?

A NEW science, almost completely the product of the present century, is now slowly developing: the study of man as a social animal. It is beginning in the way other sciences have started, by the accumulation of a large mass of relevant factual information. How do people behave when they see an accident? What factors make them like their work, and what dislike it? How must one construct advertisements or other propaganda to make people take notice of them? These questions are of practical interest, since the answers enable men to do things. The manufacturer will know how to sell his goods, the dictatorship how to maintain its power, the managing director how to increase output. They differ from the non-scientific approach of past years in that they emphasise the facts first and foremost, before endeavouring to build large theories, and in this way, by close investigation, show that commonly held beliefs may be totally wrong.

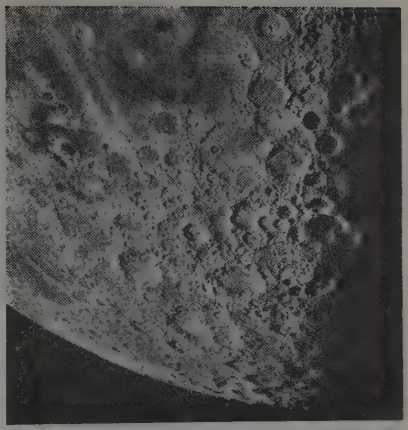
A good many years ago a Leipzig Professor of History decided to test out the view that eye-witness accounts of incidents are accurate. He accordingly arranged for a gang of toughs to break up one of his University lectures, each gangster to perform only certain pre-arranged closely specified actions, but the net effect being one of roughness and wildness. After this attack, he asked those of his students who had been present to write down what they thought had happened 'to assist the police investigating the assault.' He then compared these reports with

the scheme he had plotted and found that although the writers had been present, and some of them the subjects of attack, they mostly had only inaccurate ideas and impressions of what had taken place. Clearly, although eyewitnesses, their evidence was unsatisfactory—presumably the speed of action and the excitement misled them; this illustrates well the possibilities of controlled experiment in sociology.

Most of the new sociological work comes in the field of industrial psychology, where managements have been interested in increasing output. Actual investigations in various factories have shown, for instance, that increased pay is definitely not a way to get increased output after a certain point is reached—a point attained in most British and American works. Workers in the same room acquire some kind of loose social organisation, as yet little understood, which results in all individuals working at a rate the group considers adequate, not at the quickest every individual can. The social relations of the individual at work are proving a fertile field in uncovering the way men behave in groups. The sociology of the future, in fact, is likely to give us power over human society such as has never yet been known. Though potentially dangerous, it is only so if the knowledge obtained remains undiffused, in the hands of an undesirable clique using it for its own personal ends. We must watch the advance of the study of man, and prevent this possibility from being realised.

NEWS OF THE STARS

The planet Saturn, one of the most remarkable objects known in the Universe, is still proving of interest to astronomers. The famous rings are thought to be the remains of a moon which at some time past came too close to its leader, and shattered into fragments spread along the orbit of the satellite. Other moons still remain, however, revolving round the planet, and the largest of these, Titan, which is larger than our own Moon in size and mass, has recently been the subject of interesting research at the McDonald Observatory in the United States. It appears that Titan has an atmosphere of its own, composed largely of methane or marsh gas, a compound of carbon and hydrogen. Interestingly, Saturn also has an atmosphere containing much methane, and also ammonia, unusual in our solar system where Jupiter is the only other planet with an atmosphere of this kind. So this is some evidence that Titan has arisen from Saturn, just as our Moon is thought to be the offspring of the Earth. Of course, in such a hydrogenous atmosphere, life as we know it will be



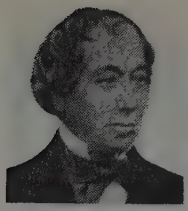
The clear cut surface of the Earth's Moon where there is no atmosphere at all, and the landscape looks like petrified boiling porridge

totally impossible: there can be no men on Saturn to watch the rising and the setting of the rings.

Titan is a heavy body, with a density three and a half times that of water. Saturn on the other hand, is actually lighter than water, the only planet to be so, and is therefore probably largely gaseous; at least totally different from the Earth, which more resembles Titan. Clearly there is an enormous range of conditions, even within our own solar system, which must compel life to a very restricted distribution within it.

Recently in this column we reported the discovery of a new dark planet-like body in 61 Cygni, only sixteen times larger than Jupiter, a discovery which created some stir as the first 'planet' to be discovered outside the solar system. Debate still rages as to whether it is a true planet or merely an old chilled star which has ceased to shine, and the recent discovery of the faintest known star, which appears to be of a somewhat similar size, is not easing the argument. This new faint star is one million times weaker in light than the Sun would be at the same distance, but six hundred times brighter than Jupiter would appear to us if placed out there, and the question at present unresolved is whether this faint spot of light shines of its own accord, and is therefore a true star; or only by reflecting that of its brighter companion, and therefore with claims to be another planet.

The building of larger and larger telescopes and the development of new exact physical methods are gradually adding to our still meagre knowledge of the Universe around us.



BENJAMIN DISRAELI

A BOOK OF YESTERDAY

DISRAELI'S 'CONINGSBY'

REVIEWED BY A. L. ROWSE

MAY 1844 saw the publication of a most remarkable book, Disraeli's *Coningsby*. It is the classic of a distinctively English *genre*, the political novel.

A great slogan among intellectuals of the Left in the nineteen thirties was what they called 'Socialist Realism'; the emphasis was all upon the political and social content in works of art. (It has been the ruin of some contemporary Russian artists in music no less than in literature.) In their raw ignorance these people did not know that the novels of a century ago anticipated all that they meant—the critical examination of social classes, the portrayal of their relations, the bringing of the stuff of social life into the foreground of literature. Disraeli, Charles Kingsley, Mrs. Gaskell, and to some extent Charles Reade and Trollope, all made their contribution to this tradition. But the two masterpieces of the political novel proper are Disraeli's *Coningsby* and *Sybil*. They are his best books and have always retained their popularity.

The political interest of *Coningsby* is extreme. But lest you should think it consists of politics and nothing else, I hasten to say that it is full of most vivid and convincing characters, of sparkling dialogue, and has all Dizzy's gifts of humour, sympathy of mind, imagination, fantasy. His was an iridescent, many-changing mind. That is why people were such fools about him and never understood him. Because he was gay and ironical, they thought he was not serious; because he was a bit of a cynic, they thought he was heartless. In fact, he was a fascinating and lovable person, and the young Disraeli is infinitely appealing—incomparably more so than the Peels and Grahams and Gladstones who kept him out of office. Still the dominant interest of the book is political. What is the situation which it portrays?

In one way it has a very close parallel with today. In part the book was a manifesto—as certainly it is the most enduring memorial—of the Young England group of the eighteen forties who, like their successors, the Tory Reformers of the nineteen forties, were out to revive and give a renewed inspiration to the Conservative Party. The Conservative Party of that day certainly needed it, as Captain Quintin Hogg and his friends are convinced it does today. They think that, unless it catches up with the social needs of the time and rejuvenates itself, it is doomed to disaster, and perhaps extinction. I think they may under-rate the capacity of that crafty old body for survival, as certainly they over-rate any danger to it from its opponents. (The Labour Party, as everybody knows, has no sense of political power whatever, and is a past master at throwing away its chances.) So, all things considered, the campaign of the Tory Reformers is very much in the public interest. Since nobody else has the desire, or the capacity, to govern the country, it is a good thing that the Tories should be brought up to date by their young men.

This was very much what Disraeli was after. It is easy to be cynical and to say that their reforming zeal was the enthusiasm of young men out of office. There was that element in it; but there was more too. Peel never made a greater personal mistake than when, in forming his government in 1841, he left Disraeli out. Disraeli was not 'one of us'; he was an outsider, a Jew, very fantastical, a wit and a novelist. In fact he might be regarded as an intellectual. He could be disregarded. Never was a greater mistake made. They do not seem to have realised that he was a man of genius, and that it is dangerous to antagonise such a person. ('What is a great man?' some one asks in *Coningsby*. 'A great man is one who affects the mind of his generation,' answers Dizzy, and he certainly did that.)

We have reason to be grateful to the mediocrities who kept him out, for those years in the wilderness gave to Disraeli the chance to create the political novel and the time to write his best books. Meanwhile, he became leader and inspirer of a group of young Etonians in Parliament who were profoundly dissatisfied with Peel's compromising leadership and with the utilitarian, reforming trend of the age. They were Romantics, who looked to the past for inspiration; their sympathies were akin to the Oxford Movement and its revolt against the middle-class Benthamism.

One notices a contrast with the Etonians of today who lead the Tory Reformers, whose inspiration is the future rather than the past. Where they are concerned with practical proposals, Disraeli and his young friends were

concerned with principles. Not that they neglected practical measures; they strongly supported factory reform and were opposed to the harsh new Poor Law. But the main concern of their mind was what kind of community ought the new England of the nineteenth century to be?

They wished for the preponderance of the landed interest to continue, not for its own sake, but for the benefit of the nation. They intensely disliked power slipping into the hands of the new industrial middle-class, for they considered it power without responsiblity, without the obligations attaching to land. They were wholly opposed to *laisser-faire* economics. They had a much more sympathetic attitude to the ills and distresses of the working class than the new rich had. Disraeli gave these young men not only leadership in Parliament, but a philosophy and a view of English history, a Tory reading of the past, as opposed to the dominant Whig view of Macaulay and Hallam.

All these themes, and more besides, appear in *Coningsby*. But it must not be thought of as a mere political tract in story form. It is a very remarkable example of the fusion of a political doctrine with the novel. Its characterisation is no less penetrating than its extraordinarily acute analyses of the various stages in the Reform Movement of the 1830's, and the frequent crises in which it involved politics. Two characters may be said to stand out: the Marquis of Monmouth—like Thackeray's Lord Steyne, based on the third Marquis of Hertford—a completely convincing portrait of a self-indulgent and heartless *grand seigneur*, who yet has style and even character; and the wonderful speaking likeness of his political agent and factotum, Rigby, which was based on the well-known behind-the-scenes figure, Croker, of the Admiralty and the *Quarterly*. It is a terribly effective castigation of the man and the type—but Croker had crossed the young Dizzy's designs in earlier years, had not been forgotten, and so earned this questionable immortality as a character in the novel.

Not only the leading characters, but the minor figures—and the women—are all individualised and true. Here appear the inimitable, and the everlasting, Tadpole and Taper, those fungi of political clubs and corridors and backstairs, with their attention solely fixed upon gossip, jobbery, intrigue. The news arrives at a country-house party that Lord Spencer is dead.

'It is an immense event,' said Tadpole.

'I don't see my way,' said Taper.

'When did he die?' said Lord Fitz-Booby.

'I don't believe it,' said Mr. Rigby.

'They have got their man ready,' said Tadpole.

'It is impossible to say what will happen,' said Taper.

'Now is the time for an amendment on the address,' said Fitz-Booby.

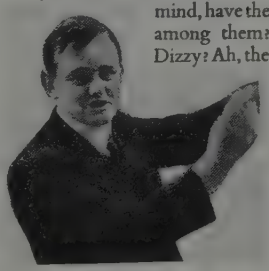
It is first-class caricature, and all so recognisable.

The character of Coningsby is less clear in outline, perhaps partly because he is young and a somewhat idealised version of what Disraeli wished such a young man to be—a kind of wish-fulfilment portrait. Another, and a deeper, side of Disraeli himself is to be seen in the arresting, but rather fantastic, character of Sidonia, who is his *beau idéal* of the Jewish race, the incarnation of disinterested and detached intelligence. The Victorians found Sidonia—as Disraeli thought of him—a fascinating and enigmatic personality; I find him rather too good to be true. And he throws a penetrating ray into the inner nature of his creator's own mind—that which again the Victorians found so subtle, so baffling and elusive.

Sidonia introduces the theme of the Jewish race, its character, gifts and destiny—that tragic subject. Coningsby, of course, stands for the younger generation with its ideal of an older England carrying its standards and ideals into the new, with the new problems of industrialism and the shift in political power. This theme of youth was a very genuine and sympathetic one to Disraeli; he had an instinctive love of youth and was quite without the envy of many lesser men at the rise of others younger than themselves. Dizzy had his reward; the young responded by adoring him. Among young Tories there has always been a more personal feeling for him than for any other Tory leaders. Last, there is the theme of the Condition-of-England question—the social unrest of the 1840's, which he was to make the main subject of *Sybil*.

And over all the book there plays the light of Dizzy's humour, and not a little wisdom. It is full of good jokes and epigrams: one could easily fill a column of the *Oxford Book of Quotations* from *Coningsby* alone.

When one thinks of that book, and then of the Tory Reformers of today, the thought comes to mind, have they a man of genius among them? Somebody like Dizzy? Ah, there is the question!



QUINTIN HOGG
Chairman of the new Tory Reformers

NEW BOOKS

OCCUPIED EUROPE

Royal Institute of International Affairs. 1s. 6d.

A previous booklet issued by the Institute, entitled *Europe under Hitler*, divided German economic policy into two parts—a short-term wartime plan, and a long-term plan for permanent organisation. Since 1941, however, unexpected setbacks have caused a partial abandonment of the latter, and a more vigorous pursuit of the former, in an attempt to bolster the security of the European 'fortress'. The increasing tempo of Germany's sinister programme, the resulting chaos, and the stupefying problems of restoring order are here described.

The exploitation of conquered and satellite territories was no less subtle than ruthless. Where no quislings arose, as in Russia and Poland, direct confiscation could be resorted to: but elsewhere loot wore an air of legality. Many countries, indeed, were bled without realising their increasing anaemia. Massive occupation costs, financed with specially printed money, were used to acquire important industries; and a steady outflow of goods was requited with fictitious credit balances in Berlin. The means varied with the ends: politics were dependent upon economics. Where a highly industrialised victim, such as Belgium, was to be integrated with the *Reich*, control was rigid: but an agricultural area like Denmark retained its own administration. Blandishments here, threats there. But the net result, the steady enrichment of the *Reich*, was the same.

Faced with the miscarriage of her military plans, however, Germany has resorted to emergency measures—notably the enrolment of seven million foreign workers, and the excessive slaughter of cattle, neither of which is consistent with the long-term design. The more desperate and coercive her plans, however, the more irreparable the damage to the structure of Europe.

For not only are certain relatively valueless areas like Greece reduced to destitution, not only have the outlines of many countries taken on new and fantastic shapes, but also sixteen millions will be errant and homeless. Refugees from air raids and battlefields; conscripted workers; repatriated Germans; minorities in ceded territories such as Transylvania; Russians sent to toil in Germany; Dutchmen invited to farm in Estonia. To restore these to their homes, to set in motion the wheels of government, finance, agriculture and industry, is the staggering task of UNRRA, aided by gradual German withdrawals from occupied territories rather than by a sudden total collapse.

In sober terms the report pictures some of the difficulties confronting us—magnified a hundredfold, of course, by the vindictive retreating Hun. Earth will be scorched; able-bodied men carried off; locomotives and agricultural machinery removed; roads and bridges blown up; medicine, food, fuel and power absent. The minimum needs of eight liberated territories alone, in respect of food, fuel, clothing and other essentials for the initial period of liberation will amount to 45,855,000 tons—only half of which can be obtained from within Europe.

The report, whose implications no one can afford to ignore, contains important recipes for long-term construction. In this connection it is satisfactory to know that Germany, for her own purposes, has encouraged many key industries outside the *Reich*, developed aluminium, copper and chromium mines, built roads and railways, and organised agricultural marketing. Even the ill wind, therefore, blows its modicum of good.

I. C. THIMANN

SOLDIERS ALSO ASKED

Edited by R. S. Wright. *Oxford University Press.* 4s. 6d.

The Radio Padre, the Rev. Ronald Selby Wright, has been encouraging men to send him their questions. In this book he has collected twenty-two questions and put them to a team of distinguished people to answer. Some of the questions have been asked at the Padre's Hour, that unique institution which now gives the padre in most British army units an hour a week with the men. If this book is a sample of what goes on in the Padre's Hour, the questioning intelligence of the average Britisher is higher than is usually thought.

The Archbishop of Canterbury deals with the hoary old question, 'Why does God allow war?' and the Headmaster of Rugby faces the awkward query, 'Can a Christian love Hitler?' His final conclusion about it is that, being human, even Hitler will have some claims on our humanity and that his judgment and punishment must proceed from justice and not hate.

Canon Cockin of St. Paul's deals with the delicate matter of getting rid of parsons who are not good at their jobs. The Canon is in favour of terminable appointments in the Church, and would like to see the laity acting as assessors to the Bishops on this question. Here is a democracy at last in the Church of England! A couple of questions on the Bible show how far an intelligent view of the scriptures is held amongst the rank and file of the people. The scholarly work of the past fifty years is badly in need of a fresh, popular interpretation. Answers of this kind have their obvious limitations. So much is said and so much unsaid. The Rev. W. H. Elliott's attempt to answer 'What do we know about life after death?' is perhaps the least satisfactory in the book. But who could do better?

CECIL NORTHCOTT

THIS WAR AGAINST JAPAN

By Ian Morrison. *Faber & Faber.* 7s. 6d.

'It is possible that in one important respect Japan is a more formidable opponent than Germany. Her morale, both civilian and military, is less brittle.' This opinion from a man of Mr. Morrison's experience (he knows Japan and the Japanese intimately) is worth careful consideration by any who believe that Japan will crack fairly easily once the full weight of the Allies is directed against her.

Mr. Morrison, whose *Malayan Postscript* is one of the best accounts of the Malaya campaign, has written this short book to explain how the Far Eastern conflict arose, how Japan is to be defeated, and what problems will have to be faced once victory is ours. Events since April 1943, when the book was written, have contradicted some of the author's conclusions (for example, he thinks the Allies will have to remain on the defensive until Germany is defeated), but much remains that is well worth study. For instance, and this is of importance in view of the decisions on post-war policy made at the Cairo Conference, it is not widely known that Japan has only 469 inhabitants to the square mile, compared with Britain's 685 and Belgium's 712; and furthermore, that the Japanese are not eager to emigrate to Korea or Manchuria. Mr. Morrison stresses the supreme importance of air power in the Pacific, pointing out that the war there is really a struggle for airfields. His conclusion that there is no short cut to victory will not be disputed by many.

A hint of what warfare is really like in New Guinea and Timor is given in an excellent supplement of sixty-four photographs taken in the war zones of those islands.

R. MILES

The Cameron Gallery, Front View, Tsarskoe Selo

From *Charles Cameron (1740–1812), Architect,* by Georges Loukomski. *Nicholson & Watson, The Commodore Press.* 21s.

HERE ARE SOUTH AFRICANS

By Julian Mockford. *A. & C. Black.* 4s. 6d.

This epigrammatic little book has an Introduction by Col. Deneys Reitz, and it well deserves that honour. Mr. Mockford seems also, to judge from his numerous footnotes, to have read all the archives and all the books in every language that have been dedicated to South Africa, while he has evolved from all these ingredients an easily digested and satisfying dish. Graphically he shows us how different races of men have established themselves in a country which on ancient maps was in many parts inscribed with the words *hic sunt leones*. Mr. Mockford does not seem to have had as many encounters with lions as Col. Reitz, who was often a good deal nearer to them than he now is to those of Landseer. But he tells us that the early Dutch settlers at the Cape would find a hippo placing his forehead against a soldier's musket, with the result that a vast bulk of meat resembling veal was at their disposal. His account of the arrival of the Huguenots and of their absorption is very interesting. He might have mentioned that probably as many as one-third of the Afrikaans-speaking population are of the same origin as, for instance, the celebrated General De la Rey. Mrs. De la Rey had a sense of humour. Lord Methuen did what he could to spare her annoyance, but military exigencies compelled him to burn her house and she and her children wandered about in a wagon for many months. When Methuen was lying wounded in her husband's laager she went to see him. He begged her to forgive him for all the trouble he had caused her. No, she told him, it had gone much better than she had expected and she did not have to run her hardest in order to escape from falling into his hands.

HENRY BAERLEIN

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REDEEMING THE TIME

By Jacques Maritain. *Geoffrey Bles.* 12s. 6d.

Non-Catholics will probably experience some difficulty in grasping the thought processes operative in this book, so 'other' is current intellectual stock-in-trade from Catholic philosophy. Yet it is precisely because Maritain's outlook is so thoroughly religious that his opinions are so pertinent to our present discontents. It is well to remember that Catholicism was once the very organic element of European civilisation. And it is an organic element that Europe and modern democracy lack today.

An awareness of this informs these ten scholarly essays.

Maritain begins by contrasting the anti-Christian philosophy of enslavement with what he calls 'pseudo-Christian egalitarianism', the error of which 'lies in the conviction that all human substance reflows within the abstract species alone, and that the reality and value of those individual inequalities which are inscribed in the world of what is particular and historic are as nothing.' And in this criticism of a materialistic socialism you find the basis of modern progressive Catholic social philosophy. Catholicism is the leaven in the lump of humanity. There must be social advance, but within the framework of political and economic 'realities'. In any case, the Church is in the world, not of it—a supernatural institution.

By way of contrast, Maritain throws a flood of light over 'The Mystery of Israel' by insisting on its Messianic quality. The Jews are the priestly people, and anti-Semitism is a collective lapse which always at the end turns into a bitter zeal against Christianity itself.

One needn't be a Catholic to gain insight here into the general European fall from grace. But, says Maritain, 'the passion of Israel today is taking on more and more distinctly the form of the Cross.' And in this he sees ground for hope, for '. . . in any common necessity, the doors of solitude open and man recognises man.'

The book is admirably rounded off with a discussion of the natural mystical experience. Readers of Heard and Huxley will heretically note its persistent anthropomorphism. But this is a vast subject.

A powerful and intensely humane book.

29★

JAMES EASTWOOD

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

By Louis MacNeice. *Faber & Faber.* 6s.

Radio is still very much of a foreign territory to many of us. Writers who have found it a successful medium for their craft are decidedly in the minority. Mr. MacNeice, who is one of that chosen few, recognises radio-dramatic writing as a popular form of art; but a distinct 'art-form' which must take its place with the other arts. His essay in the form of an introduction to the technique, numerous virtues and handicaps involved in radio-writing is certainly one preface the reader should not pass aside in his hurry to get on with the play, for these comments and challenging generalisations provide a stimulating build-up to the revised text of Mr. MacNeice's poetic broadcast drama.

As for his production—which B.B.C. listeners heard over the Home Service last year—it clearly illustrates what lyrical heights a radio drama can reach by the 'poet's approach', appealing to the emotions of what Mr. MacNeice calls 'a sensitive more than educated audience'. Poetry being more primitive than prose, this treatment of Columbus shows us how much simpler it is for the poet to forget about literature and concentrate upon sounds than it is for the novelist or the essayist. Mr. MacNeice's *Christopher Columbus* has already been criticised for not continuing with the later career of the explorer, dealing with the less fortunate voyages which followed his first triumphant return to Spain. His answer to such criticism lies in the stress which he, as a craftsman, puts on the construction and 'over all' unity of the radio play. Whatever the shortcomings may be in regard to character delineation, lack of the usual tricks in the radio script writer's trade, we are inclined to agree with the poet when he says such a heroic subject as the discovery of America requires an epic rather than a psychological treatment. And if he is to hold the attention of that vast unseen audience who at the first sign of boredom will hastily switch his programme off, the radio writer must have, as Mr. MacNeice suggests, a certain creative artistry, a sense of craftsmanship as well as cunning to woo his audience.

Those who have not heard this poetic drama broadcast might try reading the text aloud as the reviewer did. Much of the dramatic effect in radio drama of this type rests mainly on the sound of 'words-as-they-are-spoken' and 'words-as-they-are-heard', and the irregular blank verse and simple lyrics employed here are sure to produce most stirring rhythms to the ear.

RICHARD McLAUGHLIN

'Mr. Rudyard Kipling takes a bloomin' day aht, on the blasted 'eath, along with Britannia, 'is gurl'

From *The Poet's Corner*, by Max Beerbohm. *King Penguin Books* 2s.

JORDAN'S TUNIS DIARY

By Philip Jordan. *Collins*. 10s. 6d.

In proclaiming the quality of their wares, publishers rarely err on the side of modesty, and most of their 'blurbs' can be treated with a fair sprinkling of salt. But with the dust-jacket comment here, that this book gives a vividness and significance to the great triumph of Allied arms in North Africa which no other document has yet approached, I find myself in entire agreement.

The transcript of a day-to-day diary can often be a somewhat tedious form of narrative; but not Mr. Jordan's. His many pungent comments would alone avoid any charge of monotony. It is these fiery, well-justified outbursts against ineptitude, 'expediency', hypocrisy and injustice, these penetrating analyses of political jiggery-pokery, that do so much to give the book its especial value, to raise it above the merely descriptive records of the campaign. How Jordan hated Darlan! (he records the unashamed pleasure he felt on Christmas Day 1942 at hearing of the Admiral's assassination); and how he loathed the 'expediency' that seemed to smirch so many of the Allied political moves in Algiers. But in putting down his shrewd comments on men and affairs he did not neglect the military campaign: the whole scene is here, from the embarkation in October 1942 to the fall of Tunis the following May. The drama is here, the high hopes, the frustrations, the grimness and the little happinesses, the danger and the tedium, and the courage of the common soldier. And because, unlike many, the *News Chronicle's* war correspondent has a poet's vision, his diary continually surprises and refreshes with passages of true poetry.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE

By Sir Herbert Grierson

BRITISH PHILOSOPHERS

By Kenneth Matthews

Collins' 'Britain in Pictures' Series. 4s. 6d. each

It may seem a little odd to some people to find, on opening *The English Bible*, that one of the chief illustrations is Lawrence's fine portrait of Lord Byron as a boy. But, as Sir Herbert Grierson points out, 'Byron was educated on the Bible and never outgrew its effects', and his place here in a section devoted to showing the effect of the Bible on English thought and literature is amply justified. Surveying the various translations, from the fourteenth-century Wyclifite to the recent Basic English version, Sir Herbert makes plain how great a debt we owe to Tyndale, the 'hero of the English Bible'. One of the most interesting parts of this brief but excellent essay quotes a passage from the Testaments as given in the Lollard, Tyndale, Geneva and Authorised translations respectively.

Mr. Matthews covers the ground of English philosophy from Roger Bacon to Bertrand Russell in an essay that deserves high praise. The list of British philosophers, which includes such names as Sir Thomas More, the two Bacons, Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Bentham, J. S. Mill and Herbert Spencer, is one of which we may well be proud; and the fact that Mr. Matthews stresses that the chief characteristic of our native philosophers is common sense may perhaps induce those of his readers, hitherto shy of philosophic study, to take up Hobbes' *Leviathan* or Locke's *Essay on Human Understanding* with an enthusiasm that they might find it hard to muster for, say, Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*.

The high standard of illustration we expect in this series is fully maintained in these two volumes.

R. MILES

RIDICULOUS DICTATOR

By Marjorie Coryn. *Constable.* 8s. 6d.

Shades of Thomas Carlyle and the Baroness Orczy! The Sage's immortal twice-written history and the evergreen Pimpernel romances are apparently the 'onlie true begettors' of this not-so-new view of the Reign of Terror of the French Revolution. There is also a strong flavour of the cinema. Sir Alexander Korda and Mr. Cecil B. de Mille leave their mark.

The ridiculous dictator (Carnot's epithet) is, of course, Maximilian Robespierre, and the publishers naïvely state that since 'every dictatorship raises curiosity nowadays, it is comforting to see how one ended a century and a half ago.' Curiosity is hardly the word most people would be likely to choose, nor is it easy to imagine what comfort can be derived from the fall of Robespierre by a nation which for almost five years has been at war with Adolf Hitler.

Equally naïve is the author's own apologia. This, she tells us with refreshing if somewhat unnecessary candour, 'is a work of imagination, and makes no pretence to be either history or biography. The author has attempted to do no more than present . . . the psychological drama . . .' Drama! That's the word. Rip-roistering, robustious, full-blooded melodrama. But physiological rather than psychological, surely. And plenty of purple passages well seasoned with superlatives.

There may be those who like 'imaginative' history *à la* Hollywood told in the language of a Wardour Street 'blurb'. This reviewer does not. He finds Miss Coryn's strong meat, if not exactly poison, at least a very nauseous emetic.

J. L. MURRAY

SIXTY-THREE YEARS

By the Earl of Onslow. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

It is to be feared that one of the penalties of the revolutionary and levelling changes that encompass us may be the disappearance of the suave and leisurely autobiographies by ex-diplomats, of which this is an attractive example. Not that Lord Onslow has refrained from putting in a lot of hard work, in and out of the Diplomatic Service, but good form insists that he should overlay his chronicle with nostalgic memories of polo, hunting, shooting and fishing that he managed to enjoy wherever the Foreign Office sent him, as well as social gossip that gilded the days when young aristocrats became public servants under the impulsion of *noblesse oblige.* And there was a happy-go-lucky approach to the eventual grind that cannot be matched in later and more sober days. Lord Onslow went to

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SOUTH-EAST LONDON MISSION

St. George's Hall, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1

Oxford meaning to work very hard, but his good resolutions did not last more than ten days, after which he was 'as idle as the idlest'. He was repaid by having the happiest time of his life which, if he had spent most of his time reading, he might have missed. He did not, however, play the fool in London. 'I found the Oxford term infinitely too short as it was,' he says, 'to wish to waste time elsewhere.' But he did devote one entire Sunday to cramming Political Economy and was complimented on his paper! Lord Onslow does not believe that one period is more, or less, moral than another. 'What, however, does change is public opinion. Sometimes it is very tolerant, at other times much the reverse. Hypocrisy is the tribute vice pays to virtue; there is always a good deal of hypocrisy—sometimes there is more, sometimes less.' One of his most delightful reminiscences is of his first visit to the House of Lords, in 1881, at the age of five, to be introduced to 'Dizzy'. At the entrance he mistook the grandly liveried servant for the great man himself, and tried to bolt between his father's legs, nearly capsizing him. His father scolded him roundly, observing that *a boy who had been twice to a pantomime shouldn't make such a fool of himself.*

PHILIP MACER-WRIGHT

POEMS CHIEFLY CORNISH

By A. L. Rowse. *Faber & Faber*. 6s.

To me, I regret to say, Rowse's poetry seems uncommonly like prose; rather more concentrated (though remaining lucid) than most prose, but decidedly less rhapsodic than most verse. This is, perhaps, as well, seeing that the poet is capable, in one lyrical lapse, of describing the note of a bugle as 'erotic'. The following lines are from *Invocation for a Cornish House*:

All my father's family were miners.
Out there upon the edge of the cliff I see,
Like a Rhineland castle standing boldly up,
The ruined engine-house of Appletree.
There my grandfather worked under the sea.
I never knew him. The bad air, they said,
Killed him in the forties, leaving nine
Sons to be brought up by his stoic wife.
Now they two lie, William and Fanny Rowse,
Among the first in the new cemetery
Upon the hillside at the back of the house.

Is this poetry? Perhaps I wouldn't know. However, the book is worth reading and easy to read, and that is more than can be said of many poetic outpourings, epic and otherwise.

PHILIP MACER-WRIGHT

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA—WHERE?

By Brian Penton. *Cassell & Co.* 8s. 6d.

Nowadays, when a shot fired in China kills a man in Hampstead, it is no longer possible for a country like Australia to remain in safe and beautiful isolation. She lives on the verge of poverty-stricken, awakening Asia, so that the only guarantee for her security lies in a total world settlement based on the full recognition of the interdependence of all peoples. Mr. Penton discusses various steps which Australia can take in order to bring nearer this consummation. He is very candid with regard to her outlook when it seems to him parochial; for instance, her refusal to allow the Czechoslovak writer Egon Kisch to enter the country (a refusal against which Labour made no official protest) because his communism was regarded as the work of the devil. If the authorities had possessed a fraction of the humour and tolerance we find in Kisch's essays, he would have been fêted. Talking of Czechoslovakia, it may be noted that in Ruthenia, the most easterly and backward province of that country, no less than five-sixths of the local budget is absorbed by education, whereas the Australian politicians merely stated that education was the largest item in the budget when the poorish conditions were discussed, so many teachers being incompletely trained when three out of the nine teachers' colleges were closed during the depression that, for example, 62 children would find themselves crowded into one class. It will not be generally known that one in eighteen in Australia is a civil servant, compared with one in 1,250 Englishmen and one in 70 Frenchmen. But if Australia displays as much energy in the days of peace as she has shown in this war, the future is not so dreary after all.

HENRY BAERLEIN

AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT

There are still many people who want to read WORLD REVIEW but cannot do so because the number of copies printed is limited by the rationing of newsprint.

If you are not at present a regular reader and wish to make sure of priority consideration when further supplies are available, please fill in the form below and send it to the Circulation Manager, WORLD REVIEW, Dept. R.O., 43-44 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4.

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CORRESPONDENCE

DEAR SIR,—As one of the age group that Mr. David S. Evans refers to in his article 'Science and the Rising Generation', I hasten to point out that the views of his section of the group do *not* coincide with others of the same group. What, in effect, Mr. David Evans says in many wasted words is that: (*a*) modern life is based on scientific development, (*b*) we must learn to apply science to everyday life, (*c*) the way to do that is to give our children a thoroughly scientific training and education.

No one but a congenital idiot would deny the first. The second is a platitude, and the third is pure balderdash.

What is needed now, as never before, is a national scheme of education in the *fullest* meaning of that word. To know how and why an aeroplane flies is of comparatively little importance. What we want to know is how best to use the means of life that science can and will give us. We want to teach our children how to *think*. Learning to think embraces far more than learning science. It is half baked education of this sort that has produced a generation which looks like having the leisure without the mental ability —or stability—to enjoy it.

Mr. David Evans makes two irreconcilable statements: 'The trend of scientific training is towards the breaking down of mental watertight compartments' and 'Education . . . must itself largely be based on firm scientific foundation.'

Scientists are notorious for their tendency to develop watertight compartment brains. This presumably is a result of specialisation—which obviously is a necessity for some in modern conditions. To commit the whole population to an educational system which requires specialisation, for example, in science, while still at school, is going to perpetuate the tendency which is creeping in now. All education must be to develop the power to think and ability to create. Surely it must be obvious even to Mr. David S. Evans that the frustration that whole classes of the population appear to feel comes from their lack of ability fully to enjoy the fruits of science and the uncreative manner of their work. It is small wonder that some are frightened at the Robot aspect of future existence.

Your paper is stimulating and it is encouraging to see that some at least are asking the opinion of men and women who are not octogenarians. I hope that you will seek the point of view of someone of my particular section of our age group—that is, the young marrieds who have sufficient hope for the future to have children now.

P. T. S. BROWN, London, W.11

LATEST FROM U.S.A.

NEW YORK FOR HEALTH?

The prediction that New York will become world centre for advance medical training, taking the place of Paris, Berlin and Vienna, is made by Dr. Arthur Freeborn Chace in his final report as President of New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, in which he stressed the momentous responsibility that now confronts all the city's medical schools with a view to revolutionising the whole plan of medical education, resulting in rapid advances in medical science and a fundamental change in social attitudes.

'Pastel twilight' is the description given to post-war Times Square where peace promises to bring White Way, the glow of which will exceed in colour variation anything in that area's previous light history. Lieut. Douglas B. Leigh, U.S.N.R., owner of most of the giant electric signs, says psychologists have assured him that after the long blackout the public will yearn for great masses of friendly light that London, Paris, Berlin and other large cities may strive to imitate or exceed. Times Square display is endeavouring to overcome blackout inhibitions. Under consideration include signs that will use dry steam to simulate fog, real water to produce gentle or lashing rain, signs in which the illusion of real snow will be produced. Leigh and partner expect Times Square will in future combine sign-making with building architecture, describing one design already completed for perfume manufacturer. Building front will be shaped like a perfume bottle, its lighted dome representing the stopper. Up the face of the building an animated sign showing the development of the flower from which the perfume is produced will have an educational interest.

OH, MY HAT!

If old Bill in which new life is stirring is passed, Congress will award pensions to 800 men who helped to build the Panama Canal! Substantial rewards are made to men in the Army, Navy and Public Health service who took part in the project as long ago as 1915, but nothing has ever been done about civilians, many of whom are now in strained circumstances. Total cost estimated at 600,000 dollars a year, pensions averaging 62.50 dollars per month.

DORIS SHERIDAN, New York
Exclusive Cable to WORLD REVIEW

CROSS-SECTION
OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

A. Crossman

The Future of Shop Stewards?

THE voice of the British factory worker was clearly heard for the first time since October 1941 at the second national shop stewards' conference. More than 400 factories and about 900,000 workers were represented by 1,800 delegates.

At the previous conference the workers asked for a greater say in solving production problems. The result was to give an impetus to the formation of joint production councils. This time concern was expressed about the way in which the present readjustment of production priorities is being carried out. Some transfers and redundancy were recognised as inevitable, but it was felt that workers' representatives were not sufficiently consulted in making the changes.

It was suggested that some employers are taking advantage of the opportunity to get rid of too enterprising shop stewards in preparation for peacetime struggles. It is clear that the workers' representatives play an important part in the life of our factories and that their removal is likely to cause unrest and so affect production. There is a strong case, when selections are made for transfer, call-up, or dismissal, for taking into consideration trades union responsibilities.

The most important aspect of this movement is that it brings a new attitude into British trade unionism. It has many grievances and criticisms—victimisation, inadequate pay for women, lack of collaboration, and so on—but every one is considered primarily for the effect it has on production. The welfare of the worker is regarded mainly as a means of producing more arms to defeat the enemy. The language is the language of the Stakhanovites, those Russians who inspire their colleagues and managers to greater productive effort and better productive methods.

This attitude is born of the war and is no doubt in part attributable to the strong Communist influence within the movement. It is important to try to carry it forward into the peace years. The maintenance of our standard of living will depend more than ever before on the productivity of our factories. Full employment will be essential, but even that will not be enough unless we have a production system organised so that the workers are able and anxious to give their utmost.

Manchester Evening News

Where Do Cooks Go?

THE canteen system in war has been found to provide the fairest and most economical distribution of food to supplement the basic ration. Allocations of food to canteens are made according to the type of worker for whom they cater. In heavy industry the ration is two-pennyworth of meat per meal; in light industries three-half-pennyworth; and in office canteens (as in commercial restaurants) one-pennyworth.

One of the difficulties has been to find skilled labour. France is said to enjoy its gastronomic prestige because in the Revolution masters of lordly cuisines, realising they could no longer live by aristocratic patronage, opened their own little restaurants; and a tradition of excellence was established. Something of the same sort has happened here in this war, but the cooks from the great houses and the closed hotels have gone into the canteens. Guaranteed hours and wages and the increased freedom they enjoy will make their return unlikely.

Manchester Evening News

Parliamentary Government for France!

IN post-war France, after the heavy blows suffered by the middle classes, and particularly the lesser bourgeoisie both industrial and commercial, a movement towards mass formations, syndicatés and parties will tend to develop. In a country but recently freed from the ravages of personal power and still obsessed by fear of despotism, a presidential régime, with the juxtaposition of a leader elected by the whole people and a parliament where each member represents only a constituency, far from eliminating the dreaded instability, would perpetuate it. If it is impossible either to return to a parliament of personalities or to introduce a presidential régime, only one way of reform appears open: one which combines better organisation of parties with the normal practice of dissolution. In other words, it will be a question, not of imitating British institutions, inseparable from the soil, but of adapting to France those institutions which favoured the continuance and solidity of parliamentary government in Great Britain. The British Parliament, created by the aristocracy, has progressively developed towards democracy.

La France Libre

Britain to Fight U.S. Trade?

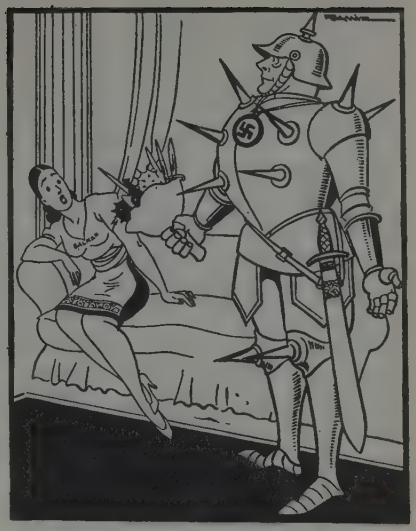
THE Report of the Federation of British Industries, recommending creation of an economic council to guide the flow of the Empire's post-war trade under governmental control, was received here by foreign traders last week as a commercial 'declaration of war'. Although the United States and Britain are allies in the military conflict, in view of the Federation's position, the traders asserted, no other interpretation is possible. It appears clear that Britain is determined to 'fight' United States trade in the post-war period, and that the statement contains the first formal outline of her future commercial policy—namely, that Government will be enlisted to promote the nation's foreign trade.

Against such a position, American foreign traders still cling to the view that freedom of enterprise is not only desirable but most effective in the long run. Nevertheless, the statement of the Federation confirms their growing conviction that unless some 'assistance' is provided them by our own Government, they will be unable to meet the type of competition likely to be offered when the war ends.

As so often happens, it was asserted in the trade, the British appear to be 'crying before they are hit', especially as regards the statement in the Report that some such governmental direction is necessary since to import even on the pre-war scale Britain 'must increase its visible export of goods by at least forty or fifty per cent over the pre-war level.' American traders, pointing out that they, at least, have the utmost confidence in the ability of British business to make the most of its opportunities, asserted that the outlook is not nearly so dark as described. If efforts are made along the lines of modernisation of equipment and methods, they asserted, Britain can probably meet the situation satisfactorily without recourse to Government controls.

Any other course, it was said, is full of peril and contains the seeds of the next war, since American traders are determined to match the discriminatory moves of any foreign nation with similar action by our own Government. Thus the outlook can only be chaotic when artificial barriers are to be erected to favour the trade of individual nations, only to be met by similar action by other nations. But American traders make it clear that they prefer strict freedom of operations without any Government interference and have consistently urged complete removal of Government controls at the earliest possible moment.

GEORGE A. MOONEY in the *New York Times*



The Modern Knight: *Why are you so cold towards me, my love? If you want contentment come and embrace me!*

KARIKATÜR (Turkey)

America's Interest in Africa

SPEAKING with responsibility as a Foreign Office chief, Mr. Villard affirmed that 'it is extremely improbable that the United States will accept jurisdiction or control over any part of former enemy territory.

'This Government has no designs on the colonial possessions of other nations, and no desire to carve out for its exclusive benefit any portion of Africa', yet he was quite explicit that 'in a war for the Four Freedoms we Americans desire to discuss the question of political advancement for the natives of Africa. . . . Yet great as our desire may be to see the Africans enjoy and profit by political independence, we must remember that only a small minority of the peoples in the colonies has expressed a desire for it.'

He pointed out that in Nigeria, for example, many Africans oppose the granting of self-government on the ground that they get a fuller measure of justice from the British courts than they do from African courts.

A. M. CHIRGWIN in *World Dominion & The World Today*

Continued Lack of Foreign Policy

THE American pundits were trying to tell the U.S. something of first importance last week.

The men and women whose job it is to make close and penetrating analyses of national affairs had wrought certain inevitable conclusions out of their studies of masses of conflicting facts and views. Conscious of their several responsibilities, and in the light of their various integrities, they wrote carefully and in low key. But their unanimity was unusual—and significant.

What the columnists and experts were saying —all across the board—was that the continuing lack of an American foreign policy is now cause for the gravest alarm.

The New York *Times*, never an idle rumour-monger, and by reputation the U.S. newspaper most concerned with the conduct of foreign affairs, led the field in publication of discussion of the present dangers. But a variety of voices was heard. Columnist Dorothy Thompson, with rare lack of emotion, told the U.S. some news which Washington had carefully not released:

'Mr. Churchill buried the Atlantic Charter. Since the President, co-author, has not taken issue . . . we may take it the abandonment of the Charter is established policy.

'Presumption of the Atlantic Charter was that its basic principles applied to all—victor and vanquished alike. . . . But [Mr. Churchill] made the flat statement that the Atlantic Charter does not apply in any sense to the enemy. "Unconditional surrender" means we end the war, he explained, with no promises of any kind.'

'Why,' asked Dorothy Thompson, 'do we want to free our hands? Is it because we have a plan for Germany and Europe which we prefer not to publicise? Or is it because we have no plan at all.

'Has the Soviet Union a plan? Yes—no doubt several plans. . . . If we enter Europe without a plan, while the Soviets have a clear one in reserve, we stand to become caught in situations for which we are completely unprepared.' *Time*

Shinwell's Empire Views

MR. CURTIN, the Australian Prime Minister, has for some time now been stressing the need for more unity of purpose among the British family of nations. His words have already been crystallised in deeds by the co-operative pact enthusiastically concluded by the Australian and New Zealand Governments—both, be it noted, of Labour persuasion.

The recent Toronto speech of Lord Halifax has attracted world-wide attention. He asked for 'a Commonwealth—united, vital and coherent'. We may assume that this objective will figure prominently on the agenda of the meeting of the British Commonwealth Prime Ministers.

I am attracted to the idea of greater co-operation between the nations of the British Commonwealth, because I think it is an essential step to the preservation of order and to the development of the economics of abundance in the post-war world.

Great Britain alone, or, for that matter, Canada, Australia, New Zealand or South Africa on their own accounts, cannot measure up to the tremendous industrial and population resources of the United States or Soviet Russia. The white population of the British Commonwealth is some 70,000,000. India and the Colonies—which can both play a highly important part in the building up of real prosperity—bring the total population figure of the Commonwealth up to 500,000,000.

Like most progressively-minded people, I am anxious to raise the standard of living of our people. The social security projects provided by the Beveridge Report have received the almost unanimous endorsement of the British public. I regard the proposals as nothing more than a beginning of that progress to fuller living which the citizens of this country have justly earned by their wartime efforts and sacrifices. But in order to secure even that beginning, we must create conditions of industrial and commercial prosperity. In other words, there can be no accidental dispensation of better living. It must be organised. And Great Britain cannot perform the task unaided.

I ask, therefore, for a British Commonwealth of Nations organised for prosperity. Can it be done? I think it can if we have the courage and sagacity not to allow economic traditionalism, petty jealousies and crude conceptions of militant Imperialism to get in the way. *Empire Review*

Does War Impoverish Peoples?

THE present war, even more than that of 1914–18, is bound to accentuate the change in the balance of power to the detriment of Western Europe. But impoverishment caused by the war is not, as is sometimes said, the reason. Russia, relatively and absolutely more impoverished than Great Britain, will yet be the colossus of tomorrow. The conception of impoverishment by war is

false and ignores the true nature of modern wealth, which depends in a much greater measure on productive power than on accumulated capital. In fact, the capital of a modern nation does not exceed the value of seven or eight years' production. War enforces a reorganisation of the machinery of production and stimulates technical progress, thus ensuring an increased productivity which, in most cases, makes good or more than makes good the destruction of accumulated wealth. We can note as an example that the diminution in the national wealth of England during the war of 1914–18 has been estimated at 2,000–2,500 million pounds, representing in the gross one-seventh of its capital wealth and about one year's national revenue at the 1914 level, yet Lord Keynes declared in November 1919 that the war had not seriously impoverished England.

From 'Potential of Western Europe',
La France Libre

Cold Comfort

THE November issue of *Horizon* has just come to hand and Messrs. Connolly, Woodcock and Comfort have come to grips. It appears that the 'karst' river (to borrow an image from Mr. Jacobs in the previous issue) has come up for air. We are about to indulge in a round of literary politics, mingled with politics proper. There have been subterranean rumblings for some time and flashes in the firmament (that's *Horizon*). Today the show-down.

The attitude to the war of a genus called 'Young Writers' is intermingled with considerations of their own critical sensibility and poetic output. The review of *New Road* by Ivor Jacobs in the October *Horizon* is, in retrospect, so obviously an aperitif before the major course. The table is set. Mr. Connolly nods (you can bet his eyes are mischievous) at Mr. Jacobs, who sails into the Comfort of our times. And from that moment on, a straight fight turns into a mêlée; Comfort is transmogrified into Young Writers, and refers to himself as We. This is confusing to myself (I am young and presumably part of Comfort's We) and even annoying. I have tried hard to retain my individuality, and have kept my eyes focused warily on the encroaching State and its officials. Suddenly I am engulfed from behind by Comfort.

The New Saxon Pamphlets I

How a Husband Can Become His Wife's Brother

HOW many people know that, according to an old custom in Asia Minor, a husband may, in certain circumstances, become the brother of his own wife? The Imam who presides at a marriage is the one to decide whether the relationship of man and wife is to become that of mere brother and sister.

This strange custom has recently been put into practice in a district of Anatolia by the local Imam. He knocked at the door of a village woman, drank coffee with her according to the tradition, and then said:

'My daughter, up to the present day you have brought children into this world three times in five years. On every occasion you have given birth to twins. Is it not so?'

'Yes,' admitted the woman with a blush.

'Well, henceforth you may not live with your husband,' continued the Imam.

'Why ever not, Imam?' cried the unhappy wife.

'Because your husband has now become your brother.'

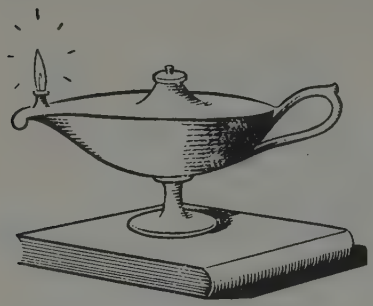
The poor girl thus fallen from the dignity of wifehood suddenly remembered the ancient custom, which no law however confirms, and decided to submit to the Imam's decision, since he commands infinite respect.

'Well, what happened next?' asked the Turkish reporter who interviewed the girl.

'I acted according to the custom. I looked around and found a young wife for my new brother and former husband!' replied the girl.

Son Posta (Turkey)

'It's an aftermath of the African Campaign'
NEW YORKER



"In the present state of medical knowledge . . ."

Never have doctors been more ready to admit that tomorrow's discoveries may reverse today's beliefs. Yet every test and experiment confirms the fact that nerves, to keep healthy, need organic phosphorus and protein. And that is only another way of saying that they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for 'Sanatogen' contains organic phosphorus and protein in chemical combination. Ask your chemist for a tin today.

'SANATOGEN'

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NERVE TONIC

In one size only during war time — 6/6d. (including Purchase Tax).

A 'GENATOSAN' Product

The 'WIDOW'S MITE'

how little yet how much it is!

It takes many drops of water to make an ocean . . . many grains of sand to make the land . . . Yet every drop or every grain is as essential as all the rest . . .

If every reader of this journal gave but THREEPENCE each to the Funds of The Royal Cancer Hospital how grand a total in the aggregate we would receive. And how gratefully! For the war-time costs of research and treatment and equipment strain our purse to its limits. Yet without modern apparatus, the alleviation of suffering from Cancer could not proceed, nor progress be made towards eventual eradication of this malignant disease.

Please do not think that because your gift must be small, it is not worth the giving. Added to others it will be just as much appreciated as the rest. It is the total that counts!

The Royal Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

Cause of Indian Famine

MORE serious than any actual shortage in one part of the country is the evidence that the causes that led to famine are still operative. A nervous peasantry is reluctant to part with any surplus of crops. Prices are high. The profiteer is still abroad in the land, and transport difficulties, arising out of reduced rolling stocks, do not become less.

Another grave factor is that there is still little evidence that the machinery of administration has been made equal to the task it has to discharge. It remains inefficient in spite of all the aid that has been given. A main problem that India has to solve both during the war and afterwards is that of providing herself with civil services that will approach in efficiency those which she had in the past.

Great Britain and the East

Russian Women Sailors Take To Corsets

WE learn that in America Russian women tars are purchasing corsets. This is something of a departure as we hear that until they left Russia they had never worn corsets. On the Pacific coast, however, buyers are doing big business with these fine-looking, well-built women. Although they cannot speak English, they make themselves understood by drawing pictures and by sign language. By their gesticulations they seem to know all about two-way stretch. One department was inundated on one occasion with no less than thirteen Russian girl sailors. One of the girls pulled up her skirt to show the buyer the American girdle *she* was wearing, and exact duplicates were found for each of the remaining twelve sailor-women. Although 'on the job' these Russian women wear pants and want pantee girdles to wear under them, when they are off duty they go on shopping expeditions and are dressed exactly like American women.

Corsetry & Underwear Journal

Robbers Scorning Utility

SMASH-AND-GRAB raiders helped themselves to the stock of Whiteleys, Queensway, London, W. Non-austere suits were chosen, austerity and utility being ignored.

We understand they had no time to look for melton undercollars and hand-made buttonholes.

30

Men's Wear

THIRST QUENCHER OF OLD NILE

Dear Hawkins,

I am now in Cairo for a short spot of leave and spending some time in the Club where I sit on my shoulder blades in a long low chair, smoke cheroots and sip tall glasses of Rose's Lime Juice, nobly iced. Quite a change after months of tepid chlorinated water.

How are things going with you? I notice from the snap you enclosed that you have lost a certain amount of weight amidships. Or is that the effect of the Home Guard uniform?

We shall have to do something about your periphery after the war, for a streamlined Hawkins is as unnatural as a fat winner of the Waterloo Cup.

I met the Colonel in Shepheard's two days ago. You will remember that he stayed with us in 1937. He was a major at the time. He asked after you, and has also invited himself to come down for a week-end after the war. You might start planning the festivities forthwith, not overlooking the Rose's. I'm off for a swim. Best wishes.

Very sincerely,

G. de St. G.

ROSE'S—*There is no substitute*

Work it out—cost per chin

That's the way to look at it in these hard times. Ten thousand bubbles of soothing lather required to browbeat the bristles on each chin. Why pay an exorbitant price for these bubbles. Pears have attended to the matter. Jif gives you millions of first class vintage bubbles for 7½d.

Pears Jif

SHAVING STICK 7½d.

A. & F. Pears Ltd. PJ 67B/137A

"BOWL 'EM OUT!"

A rare one for cricket, was Jim. Every Saturday afternoon, in peacetime, he'd play. Knock up thirty or forty runs . . . take a few wickets. Just loved it! Now, he has fresh fields to conquer. And he still bowls 'em out—and it's the Hun, this time! Into the attack he goes . . . a four hundred yard advance . . . three machine gun nests destroyed . . . "the hat trick!" Let us salute him—his disregard for his own safety that *we* may be safe. Let us remember our lads in the thick of it . . . admire them . . . show our gratitude to them — with more and more Savings.

SALUTE THE SOLDIER

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Play the Game!

DEAR SIRS,—Many will have welcomed your determined advocacy of Harrow Footer. For generations Football, even if not exactly in its present form, has been played at Harrow; there was even an Eleven at the time of Waterloo (which included the son of the Adjutant-General), but little record seems to have been kept of its achievements. The Inter-Varsity Football match (like the Cricket and the Boat Race some forty years earlier) was started largely through the efforts of an Old Harrovian, and we have since provided several prominent footballers for that match.

. . . . . .

The introduction of Rugger has done much to prejudice present Harrovians against our native game. Their chief objection lies, I think, in the fact that matches can only be played against Old Harrovians, and present conditions have therefore greatly reduced the number that can be arranged. But so temporary an obstruction must not be heeded: the future will surely restore those weekly fixtures we used to enjoy, when each House would in turn furnish a team of Old Boys against the School.

. . . . . .

The Lion has certainly achieved equality with the Footer Flannel. Let him rest content, lest an unworthy endeavour to swallow up the Flannel lead to his choking himself.

Letter to *The Harrovian*

Mairzy Doats

IN Hollywood, unmarried, 28-year-old Edward M. Sheridan was indicted for having listed his horse Mary Ann Sheridan as a dependant on his draft registration. Indignantly pointing out that he had honestly given her full name, sex and date of birth, he further protested: 'I didn't tell any lies. I didn't list her as my daughter . . . of course she's a dependant. The oats she eats keep me broke.'

Time

Dirty Work

IN Washington, Post Office Department Solicitor Vincent M. Miles revealed to a House committee that a $3,200-a-year job reading magazines for obscenity was still going begging. The last man who tried it, a Montanan, gave up in six weeks. He said he did not like Washington.

Time

Commissions for Cats

IF you are an American you can buy military rank and/or promotion for your dog or your cat. There is the 'War Dogs' Fund', and now, in clever rivalry, the 'Civilian Cats' Corps'. A small payment, which goes to the war, starts off a dog or cat as a private; and subsequent payment, as seniority accrues, will advance him to the highest military rank, worn on the collar. No longer need rich business men say they care nothing for honours themselves, but it is their wives who like them: for now the wife can say that it is the dog or cat who craves some special distinction.

Dogs do much more walking about with their owners than cats; but it is more impressive technique for the more subtle hostesses that quite casually there should stroll in through the window a cat who happens to be a Brigadier-General. If the custom spreads there will be houses of such plutocratic eminence that the neighbours will say, half in admiration and half in envy, that the very mice have commissions there.

D.W. in *The Tablet*

The Heavenly Host

AT Teheran the English and Americans fell to discussing the rôle which the Vatican should play in the drafting of the peace treaty and the plans for the post-war world.

Stalin, who had sat silently through the discussion, was asked to give his opinion.

'Vatican?' he said. 'How many divisions have they got?'

Pour la Victoire (New York)

Opera Out!

OPERA in Britain, whatever it may be elsewhere, is an exotic plant. 'Fashion' alone has kept it so long on its tottering legs. On its own merits it can never thrive in a land in which robustious baritones are a rare and rather ludicrous species. It is increasingly an alien in a land which loves active, open-air pastimes.

Letter in *Daily Telegraph*

Plugging Sunday

THERE is looming before us a fight in the spiritual world. . . . That is why I fight for the observance of the Lord's Day, because I see the pulling out of the plug which will let loose the water of infidelity.

MR. MAGNAY, M.P.,
quoted in *Tribune*

Navel Decoration

KATHERINE DUNHAM, negro ballerina, drew attention to the fact that in her Tropical Revue she wears a pearl in her navel instead of a diamond —because Gypsy Rose Lee had copied the diamond.

Time

Party Game

TRY this parlour game. Find three of your friends who profess to be staunchly Conservative, Labour and Liberal respectively. Then say, 'Here is a card. Write on it ten points giving your party programme for the next five years, on the assumption there is a party election tomorrow.' Then compare the cards and guess which is which.

National News-Letter

Old Style at the Treasury

IN the year 46 B.C. (writes The Broker), Julius Cæsar, with the assistance of the Egyptian astronomer Sosigenes, drew up a reformed calendar, which he modestly called after himself. It was a great improvement on any previous Roman calendar, but it was not perfect, as it had a leap year at the end of every century instead of at the end of every fourth year. As a result, by the sixteenth century A.D., it was clear that the seasons were sadly out of line with the calendar, and in order to put things right, Pope Gregory ordained in 1582 that October 5 should be called October 15. France, Spain, Portugal and Italy instantly complied; Catholic Germany followed in 1583, Poland in 1586, Hungary in 1587. England, always in the van of progress, took this same momentous step in 1752 (the very year in which she had at last agreed to change New Year's Day from 25 March to 1 January); only by then the necessary adjustment had increased from ten to those eleven days which the vulgar so despairingly cried to have restored to them.

England, the British Empire even, is, however, one thing: the British Treasury is quite another. With blithe assurance it continued to run its year to Lady Day; with characteristic close-fistedness it declined to give up its eleven days. As a result it discovered that its year ended on 5 April 1753; and as a result the Budget was presented for the year to 5 April 1944. Historically regarded, this idiosyncrasy is somewhat comical; practically, it is quite the reverse, and **Sir John Anderson might well consider whether the time has not come to talk of 1944, instead of 1944-45. Or is he waiting until 2,000 years from 46 B.C.?**

Truth

'We only use it on State occasions'

TATLER AND BYSTANDER

THE WAIL OF A WARTIME TRAVELLER

By ANNE GODWIN

These I have loathed.
Cracked cups and spoutless teapots;
Margo; and lumpy porridge; and soiled napkins
Used by another; the empty fireplace
And the chilly air of hotel rooms; and wireless
Switched on and never ceasing.
The inkless inkpot and the nibless pen;
Bad manners; being told that there's a war on;
And sleeping in a bedroom with the blinds drawn;
The countless pennies spent in dirty cloak-rooms;
Tea from a thermos or a station buffet;
The sandwich with the cheese-recurring motif,
And smokers filling carriages marked smokeless.
The weary weight of flesh a train can carry
When four-a-side we travel on long journeys
And three at least are large; luggage and gas masks,
And coming late to blacked-out stranger cities,
That have no taxis and no white-edged kerbstones,
But disconcerting voices in dark doorways;
Waiting; wet Sundays; these things have I loathed.

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from a Fleet Air Arm Officer

*"Early this (last) year the ship in which I was serving was sunk by enemy action. . . . During salvage operations five months later the diver rescued from my cabin, among other personal property, a ½-lb. tin of your Barneys *Punchbowle Tobacco. Although the tin had been submerged in sea water for so long and was considerably eroded, I was surprised to find on opening it, that the tobacco was in perfect condition. I have since smoked the tobacco and it tasted as fresh as if I had just bought it in the mess."*

I thought you might be interested to hear of this as it speaks rather well of your admirable packing. Hitherto I had always considered your advertising claims a little extravagant, despite the undoubted quality of the tobacco, but I now realise they are fully justified."

(The original letter can be inspected.)

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